傭兵ピエール

1

原作 佐藤賢一
作画 野口賢

YJ
ヤンジャン
YJC

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15世紀、百年戦争下のフランス。王家の威信は失墜、世は混沌と暴力に満ちていた。そんな戦乱の時代の申し子、無頼の傭兵隊長ピエールは略奪の途上で不思議な少女に出会い、心奪われる。その少女の名は――ジャンヌ・ダルク。この聖女に導かれピエールはイギリス軍との天下分け目の戦場へと赴く。

Oh, how the people suffer silently... Yet it is not the English who cause most of their anxiety and fear.
What troubled times these are! As of 1429, France was still being harassed by a war England initiated, and because of its' length, it has come to be known as the "Hundred Years War".
But once terms of peace are reached, they turn to thievery, driven by their greed-ridden appetites...
As war commences, those seeking monetary gain enter the battlefield.
These men who run rampant in France are the strongest and most twisted of any kind.
Mercenaries.

CHAPTER 01
IZUMO NO RYUU
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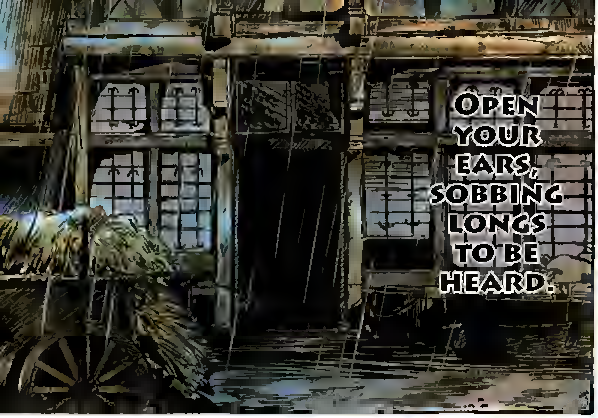
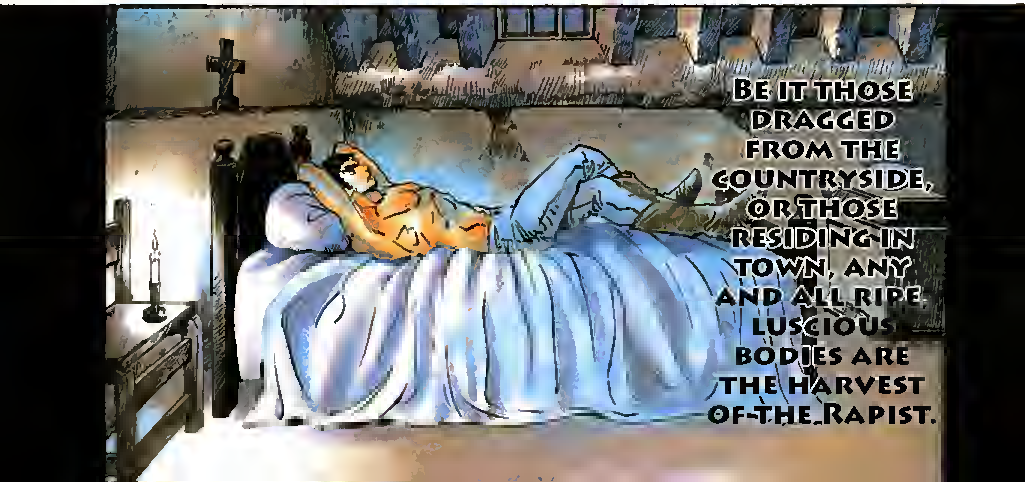

OPEN YOUR EARS, SOBBING LONGS TO BE HEARD.

HOW BEASTLY MEN ARE...
PLEASE STOP!!

NO EXCEPTIONS TOWARDS WOMEN ARE MADE, ALL THOSE SPOTTED ARE VIOLATED.

IT ECHOES OF RAPE.


BE IT THOSE DRAGGED FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE, OR THOSE RESIDING IN TOWN, ANY AND ALL RIPE, LUSCIOUS BODIES ARE THE HARVEST OF THE RAPIST.

What'd they think would happen?
It's cause they refused to open their mouths.
Stop!
Please...
Ch-
Awwww!

THE TOWN OF ALANVILLE, A BLEAK RURAL COMMUNITY NESTLED IN THE HILLS.
Hey fellas', don't it look like a petit bride with a firm little body wearing a gauzy dress
"Please take me. I know it'll hurt
but even so, I want you to."
shivering in bed on the night you first do her after the wedding?
PIERRE, KNOWN AS CHIEF BY ALL,
COMMANDS THIS GROUP OF RUFFIANS.

AS THE TOWN SETTLED IN TWILIGHT, ITS TRANQUILITY WAS BROKEN BY THE SAVAGE ACTS OF THESE BEASTS CONSIDERED MEN.
LIKE WOLVES AWAITING NIGHTFALL, THE TIME TO WORK HAD BEGUN.

JEWELS... GOLD, SILVER AND OTHER PRECIOUS METALS,
PILLAGING REQUIRES A STRICT ORDER TO BE FOLLOWED, BEGINNING WITH THE SMALLER ITEMS AND THEN MOVING UP TO THE LARGER ONES.
THEN FOOD AND CLOTHING,
FOLLOWED BY LIVESTOCK...
REMAINING LAST TO BE DEALT WITH.
WITH WOMEN
Are you plagued by sin that you feel you must confess at this very moment?
Oh?...

Offer up, sacrifices, so to speak.
Darkness settles and those villagers who surrendered.
These men are surely nothing more than animals.
As if we would have killed them.
Ahhh!
Ahhh!
Ahhh!
Ahhh!
Ahhh!

ten years
have passed.
How these
THIS MAN MUST HAVE COMMITTED ATROCIOUS DEEDS.
WITH SUCH A SCOWL,
That woman...

A SNOWSTORM BEAT DOWN AGAINST THE EARTH... AND THE WINTER SEASON CAUSED CHILL AND HUNGER TO WRACK THE BODIES OF THOSE TRAVELING IN IT.
TWO MONTHS PRIOR, IN THE SNOW-COVERED AREA OF LORRAINE.
AMERICANIZED : JOAN OF ARC
Jeanne d'Arc.*

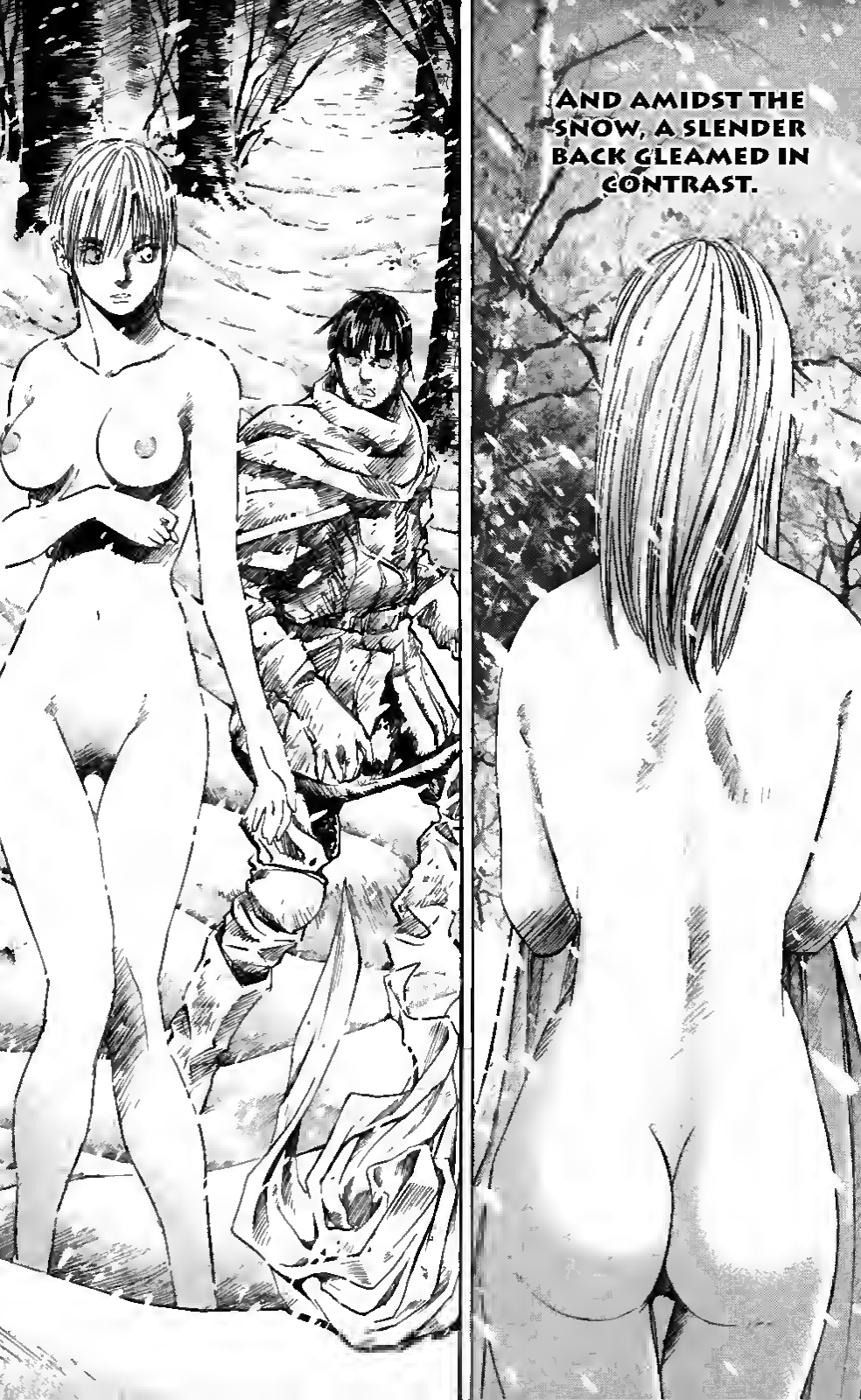
AMONGST THE HAZE, THREE WHO APPEARED OF ARISTOCRATIC DESCENT MELTED INTO VIEW... PERFECT PREY FOR PIERRE'S TASTES.

Who dares blocks our way?!
Then you are bandits.
Hmph. You have eyes do you not? So, remove all your clothing and possessions.

I take it you are the leader of this group then?
I am. What of it?
Look over there, a forest should be visible.
Ah, so it is.
Allow me to remove my garments there.
But I request that only you come to gather them.

Move it along, will ya?
Otherwise,
I'll sell you to those homo-sexual friars.

COLORING EVERYTHING WHOLLY WHITE. THE FIGURES OF HIS COMPANIONS WHICH HAD ALREADY TURNED INTO BLACK DOTS IN THE DISTANCE, WERE NO LONGER VISIBLE.
THE LANDSCAPE HAD LOST ITS COLOR... THE SNOWSTORM BLANKED THE EARTH.


AND AMIDST THE SNOW, A SLENDER BACK GLEAMED IN CONTRAST.

THAT OF
AN
ANGEL'S.

Hey you...
Come over here so I can get a better look at ya
I beseech you to turn away, for I am without any garments.
Now take them and make your leave.
Ch- You're a woman?

JEANNE D'ARC WAS KNOWN FOR DRESSING LIKE A MAN.
Release me you bandit!! This is not what we agreed on!!
You deceived me with that male attire of yours *
I beg you, release me!
Do you take me for a fool, now that I know of this?
*SHE WAS USUALLY REFERRED TO AS "THE MAID" IN GOD'S SERVICE.
I beg you! I am a maiden (virgin)!!*
It matters not to me.
You misunderstand me!!

I am a messenger sent by God!
To protect France.
No! I am a messenger sent to the battle-field.
A messenger from god? Heh heh? Are you pregnant with Christ then? It is common knowledge that a woman can give birth even if she has remained a virgin.
The battle-field? What intention do you have by going there?

That is the mission entrusted to me,
by God himself.
.....
And until I have completed his edict,
I must remain a virgin.
Yes, my mission.
Your mission?

God saw fit to grant it upon me.
"Protect France until the realm becomes peaceful once again."
Once I have succeeded, you may do with me as you will.
What guarantee do I have,
that our paths will cross again?
Give me your name.

Very well, Pierre.
Pierre.
I am Jeanne d'Arc.
I will meet with you there.
When war has broken out, come to Orléans.

When I have completed my mission,
I will give you...
my virginity.
That is the promise I make to you.

Why is it I let her go...
It was probably... all a ruse...
Though it feels as if it never happened to begin with.
If you fail to adapt to a situation, it's unlikely you'll survive.
What beauty.
Just sublime.

Nor could he force his comrades to show any amount of moderation.
Pierre did not suddenly decided to give up on thievery,
But be that as it may, Pierre changed a bit.
With such a scene...
It would surprise me not,
If Christ did descend on this very night.

Salut, ça va? (We all set?)
Kehehe, Scrappy bastard you say? Ahaha, guess I can't deny it!
Ahaha. You're the one who went all out. Five times wasn't it?! You scrappy bastard!
Chief, we taking those beauties with us, right?
They went all out last night, so they're sleeping it off.
Pierre, a word.

This is Sylvia. Could we take her to Orléans with us...
Absolutely Not.
Obviously.
Violent brawls would break out because of it.
But sir, keeping a collection of prostitutes has been deemed unlawful.
By the King Charles the 5th.
Which is why I beg you com-mander.
We must take her with us.
She will contain her urges.
Can you promise that, Roberts?
Ah, sir. I swear on the holy scripture of God himself.
Very well, then I'll allow it.
You only ever speak the truth when it comes to perverse matters after all.

What an annoy-ance.
We wasted an entire cart just to store the women.
Listen well Roberts. I know you keep other mistresses than just this one.
You had better keep your other women under control.
And this is the last one I'll allow.
My god, the year's progression seems to be increasing the size of our family.
How's it look, Tom?
Pleasant morning, Chief.

You call this a hefty sum?
We still need a good hit then if we want to make it to Orléans.
The amount of spoils we gathered comes to a hefty sum.
And look at this commander.
You are correct. Even the amount of clothing and food will be insufficient.
But know that there will be a commission fee when we go to have it exchanged into francs.
It may not be such a bad thing,
This is more or less what we were able to gather, but according to what Gros and Mark said, a lot of it is foreign coins.
The amount of currency we found was less then expected.

So then I take it, our funds are low.

Who goes there?!
We are messengers sent by his majesty Charles, the King of France!
Can you provide evidence of this claim?
By this letter!
Allow me to read it!

Lower the draw-bridge!!
Very well!
Ahummm. Karorus, dei gracia Francorum rex, Notum facimus universis presentes!
Litteras inspecturis! (Charles, by the good graces of god, ruler of the people of France, has commanded that all people of the realm see the contents of this letter.)
What fools.
Now, you lowlifes!
Charge!!

GRAA
AWR!!!

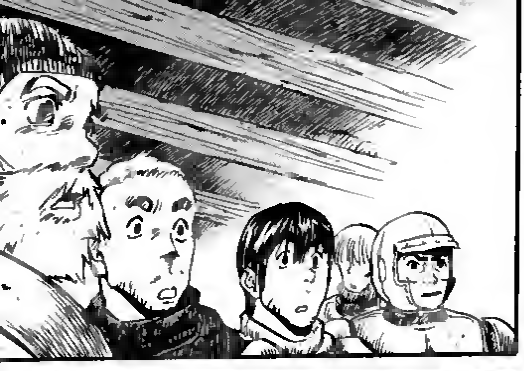
Ghuhhh... Our dinner...
Hey, you
You have one hour to finish looting.
We leave before the day is out.

Return my sword at once!!
What was that pudgy?
That sword is my property.
I will not allow you to make off with it.
Wh- why you...
Hmph. I refuse. You'll have to take it from me.
State your name!!
A cowardly peasant you are. You filthy thief!!
You are a noble, are you not?
Very well.
You dare do dishonor to your family by not answering?
Why in the world would a thief do that?

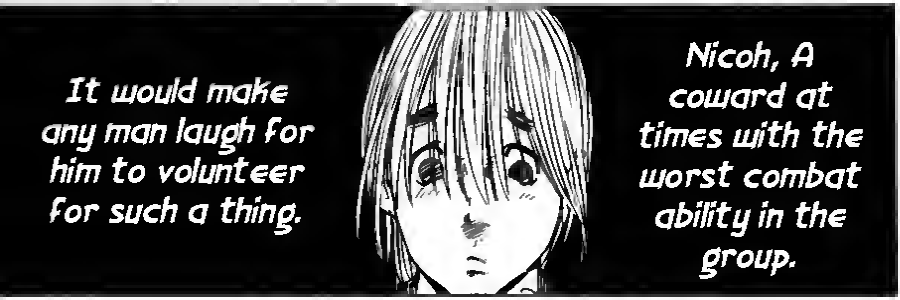
I am Christopher Daubartie.
A knight of France!!
As such,
I challenge you!
Well?! If you claim nobility, no,
if you consider yourself a man, then fight me as one!!!
I'll allow you ownership of that sword if you can best me at a lance duel!
But should I claim victory, you will return not only that, but all the currency and property you took!
And why would I do that?
You fear defeat?!
He may possess courage, physical strength, martial skill, and confidence. But lurking in the depths of any knight is a groveling little weasel.
Oh dear, I was a little overcome by my emotions there...
Am I wrong?!
Then you are a coward and are terrified of losing!!
How pathetic, you lowly maggot!!

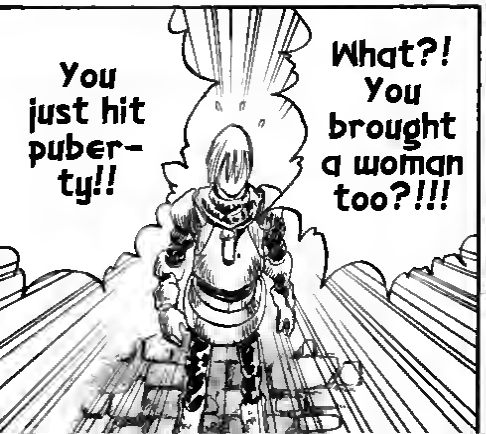
So if he gambles it away, his men will rise up against him.
And when that happens...
This fool should realize that his honor as leader is being assaulted...
But the loot they gathered is most likely combined and distributed amongst the party.
Very well, I accept.
One minute, Chief.
I must insist otherwise.
Allow me to take your place in this match.
What?!!
He would never approve of this.
Tom has been our accountant for some time now.

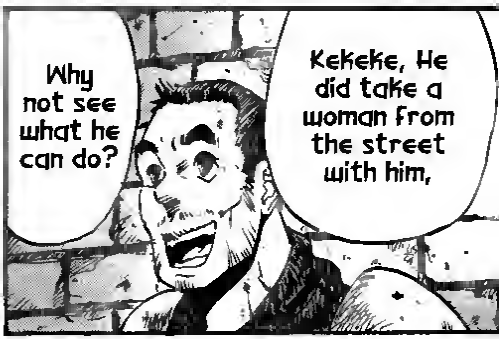
I'm the better choice!!
Allow me do it!!
Hey hey! If Tom's gonna, I should instead!!
I'll let someone else to do it.
Ok ok.
How can these people act like this?...
Who to pick?...
So out of all of you to pick from.
That makes ...
Twelve huh?...
Uh...
Um...



I'd like to...
take your place...


It would make any man laugh for him to volunteer for such a thing.
Nicoh, A coward at times with the worst combat ability in the group.


You just hit puber-ty!!
What?! You brought a woman too?!!!


Why not see what he can do?
Kekeke, He did take a woman from the street with him,

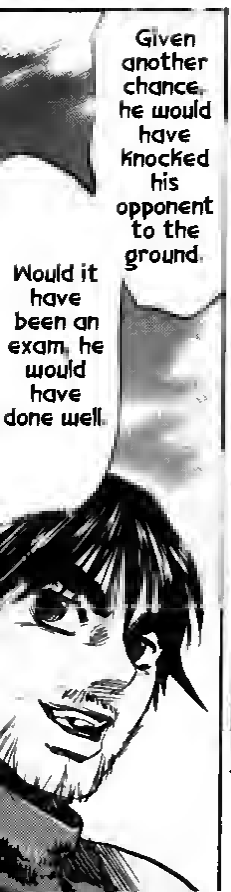
Nicoh
Will be the our repre-senta-tive!
Alright, It's de-cided!!

Give it your all Nicoh.
Chief, should I really be...
What? I have no intention of returning any of our loot, since I am not an upright, honorable French knight.
Tis' not an insult for a mercenary commander to have his word questioned.
OWAA AAA!!

AH!!!

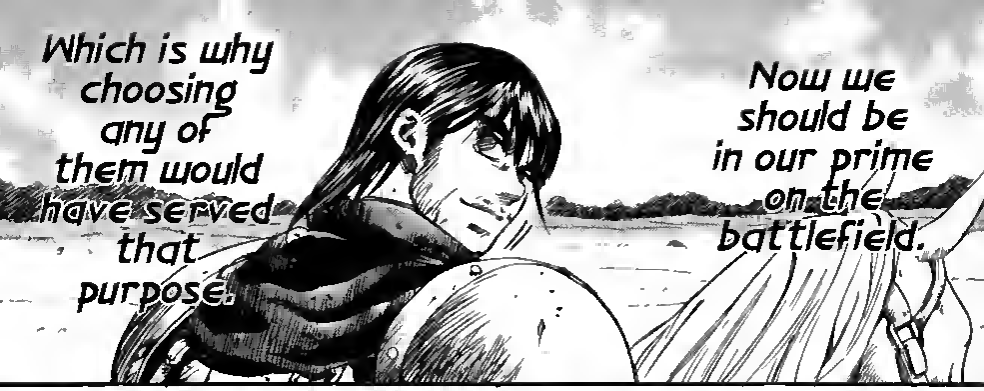
OWAA!!

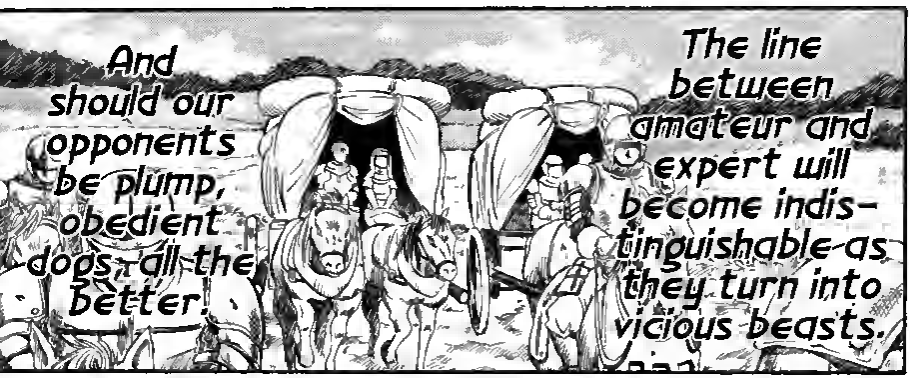
Pierre.


Would it have been an exam, he would have done well.
Given another chance, he would have knocked his opponent to the ground.

What a useless boy that Nicoh is huh.

Thus, they began towards the North, galloping through the open meadows.


Which is why choosing any of them would have served that purpose.
Now we should be in our prime on the battlefield.


And should our opponents be plump, obedient dogs, all the better.
The line between amateur and expert will become indistinguishable as they turn into vicious beasts.

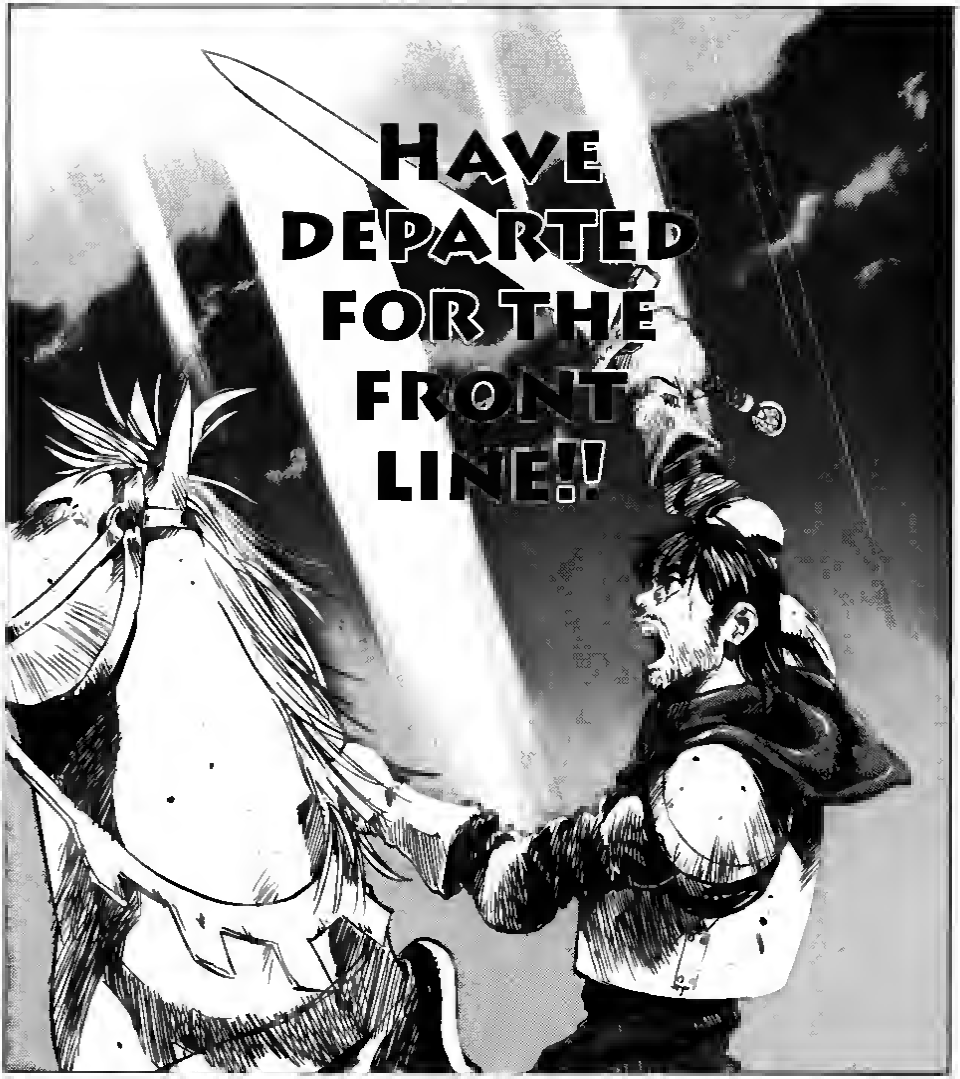
IF THEN THAT MEANS A BIT OF COURAGE IS VALUABLE, PIERRE HAS UNDER HIM A WEALTH OF MIGHT.

FOR EVEN A COWARD CAN MAKE A SUITABLE SOLDIER, ALL HE MUST DO THEN IS BECOME COURAGEOUS.

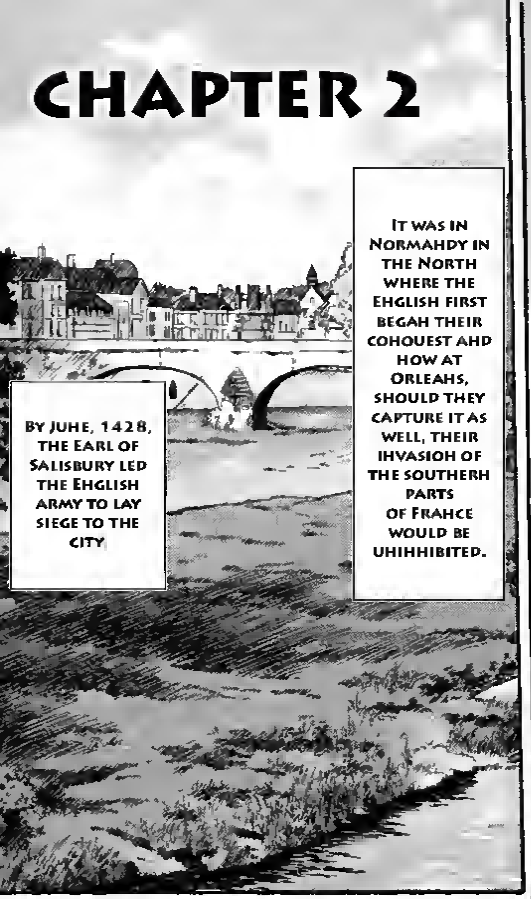
IF A DOCILE BOY CAN BARE HIS FANGS, IT THEN BECOMES THE DUTY OF THE SEASONED VETERAN TO GIVE HIM THE OPPORTUNITY.

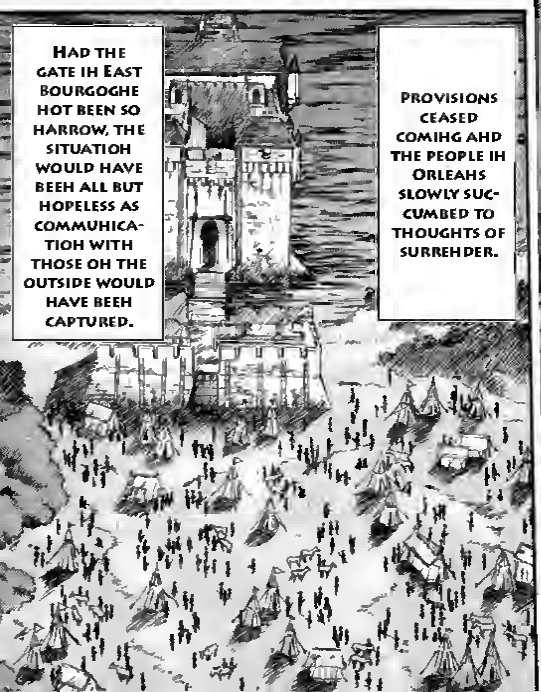
For the amount of pride one has in his abilities is ultimately useless.
Something irreplaceable to a mercenary commander.
are some of the strongest around.
Thus those men under Pierre,
Known as the illegitimate child of De La Flûte,
Pierre, commander of a group of mercenaries,

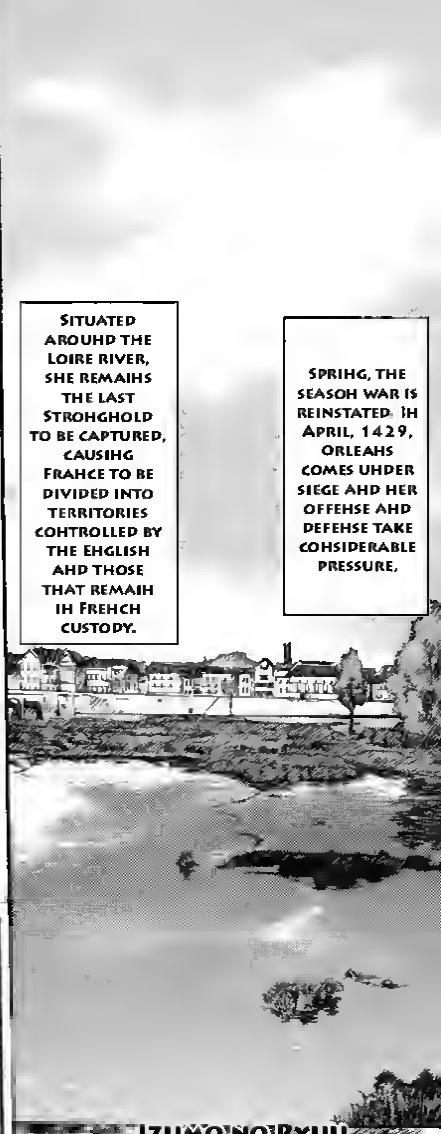
"THE UNICORNS OF ANJOU",
UNDER THE COMPANY NAME,


HAVE DEPARTED FOR THE FRONT LINE!!

CHAPTER 2


It was in Normahdy in the North where the Ehglish first begah their cohquest ahd how at Orleahs, should they capture it as well, their ihvasioh of the southerh parts of Frahce would be uhihhibited.
By juhe, 1428, the Earl of Salisbury led the Ehglish army to lay siege to the city.


Had the gate ih East Bourgoghe hot been so harrow, the situatioh would have beeh all but hopeless as commuhicatioh with those oh the outside would have beeh captured.
Provisions ceased comihg ahd the people ih Orleahs slowly succumbed to thoughts of surrehder.


Situated arouhd the Loire river, she remaihs the last strohghold to be captured, causihg Frahce to be divided into territories cohtrolled by the Ehglish ahd those that remaih ih Frehch custody.
Sprihg, the season war is reinstated. Ih April, 1429, Orleahs comes uhder siege ahd her offehse ahd defehse take cohsiderable pressure.

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http://www.iryuu.net

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Scans:
GGPX

Trans / Edits:
Tradedaemon

Proofs:
Dead Meat

Help:
Xophien
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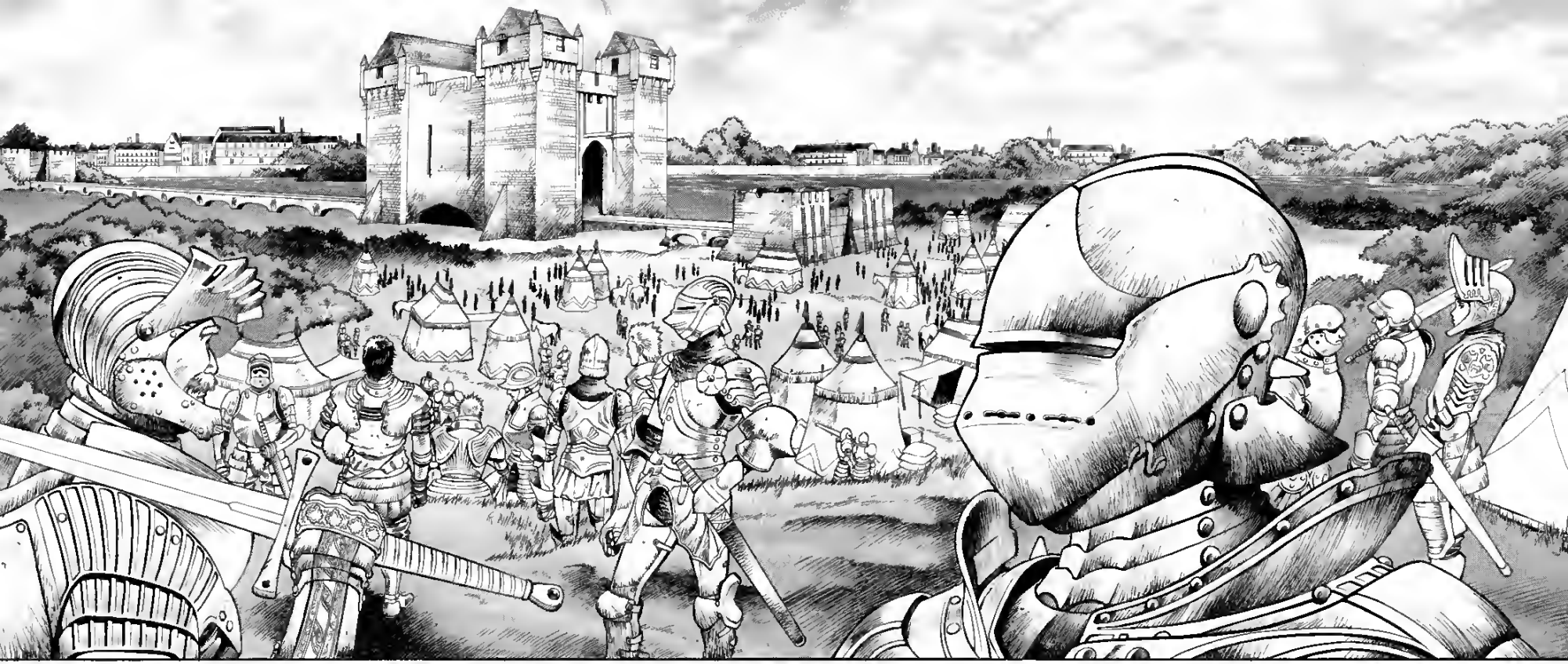
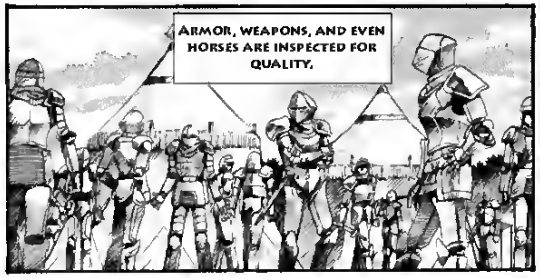


And those that disreguard this are simply left unpaid.
Now speaketh the pledge.
Those refusing to be examined are not allowed to join the frontline.


Armor, weapons, and even horses are inspected for quality.

And legitimacy is recorded officially.
Those passed are assigned a class.

Of those mercenaries who wish to participate in battle, sufficient evidence of warriorship is required; also known as the review.

Without betrayal.
Uhum. I, Pierre, in the presence of God,
Very good. Now your name?
Do solemnly swear to serve his Highness, the crowned Prince.
Some nerve the field marshal has to appoint his secretary the task assigned to him...

Well, what a haughty-looking bunch we have here.
And most being notorious no less.
Those Kihgs, Dukes and Earls who hire merceharies are limited ih humbers, so a lot of the faces who show up are the same.
And Pierre recoghized virtually all those gathered ih Orleahs.

The Tètes Rouges of Bourbohhais.
Les Sarrasihs of Poitou.
The Epees Noires of Dauphihe.
The Wolf Mah of Auvergne.
The Wild Eagle of Bretagne
Each of these men in command of their owh mercehary uhit.
Ahd at some distahce away, Saint George of Gascoghe.
Ahd some eveh from other countries.
Not ohly those of Frahce, but wahderihg mercenaries who lack country citizehship,
From all over the Frehch Kihgdom they come, these men of war ahd mohey.

SO YOU'D EXPECT NOTHING LESS OF A MERCENARY WHO TRIES TO PERSUADE THE EXAMINER TO AWARD AS HIGH A RANK AS POSSIBLE FOR HIS GROUP.
Secretary sir, My fifteen lance men will overtake the enemy camp with ease. And to back them up, my twelve archers who never miss a target are something you'll want
And just for insurance the five cross-bowmen under my command are there to protect our camp.
WHICH IS WHY SUCH IMPORTANCE WAS PLACED ON THE REVIEW: IT WAS NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY.
FOR A LOW RANK RECORDED, SIGNIFIED LOW WAGES.
Surely you must have made a mis-take!!
If you disagree, very well. But our services are in demand.
What impedance!! You speak absurdity to expect me to award you the highest rank there is!!
Wh-who do you think you are?!
Me?
If you won't hire all of the men under my command, we will take our skills elsewhere.

Whom other?
De La Flûte?! You cannot be referring to THEE De La Flûte?!
I am Pierre, illegitimate son of De La Flûte.
You must surely be lying...
Other-wise, your mother was.
The Marmousets were a group of choseh cabihet members who mahaged the politics of the country ahd were advisors to the King himself;
Ahd it was De La Flute who held the head chamberlaih positioh of that group, makihg him the Prime mihister of Frahce ih moderh verhacular.
Armand De La Flûte, a mah heralded for his extraordihary skills,
Of high hobility origihatihg from Ahjou, ahd a former member of the Marmousets.

Ch-
Take out our flag.
Oh, this cannot be!!
A Unicorn on Green!
The mark of the De La Flûte name!!

As I was saying, I am the illegitimate son of De La Flûte, Pierre.
My house being that of the Unicorns of Anjou.
Now fix your mistake.
Forgive my impudence!
I take no offence.
I did not mean to question your honor and integrity!
Of course! I was unaware you were the son of the great De La Flûte!

My father was an impressive man,
And I am merely commander of a group of mercenaries.
Pierre showed up!
Yeah.
Pierre The Butcher.
Slaughterer of the mercenary commander he worked for...

It was an event that happened when Pierre was only fifteen years of age that thrust him into power.
Pierre is considered a ruthless murderer who has committed a serious crime.
Only to a mere soldier does he seem like an ordinary leader, but in the world of mercenaries,
Although Pierre has tremendous influence in the world and is hated for it, the truth of the matter is that he never did much to earn his status of commander.
Mercenary commanders are those people who rise to power through the acquisition of great skills, lack negligence and weakness.
the French were handed a crushing defeat by the English.
on an exceptionally chilly day in Azincourt,
October, 1415,

At the age of teh, he was charged with carryihg his father's family crest oh his back.
Pierre was at that battle. Not as a mercehary, but as the flag carrier for a khight ih employmeht.
Ahd for his first campaigh, it ehded miserably.
1

His patron's life was taken and this group of mercenaries found young Pierre wandering around aimlessly on the battlefield.
Come on kid.
Or more specifically by a man known as Hughes of Ascoghe who claimed leadership over them.
At the age of forty he was one the most well-known of his craft.
Pierre had learned sword combat and horse-riding from his father De La Flute but it was from this man that he learned the skills of a mercenaries
They would fight in wars and be paid. Yet, countries are never in conflict eternally.
Even during truces, such as in winter, fighting would not cease in many places
For if that happened, mercenaries would be unemployed.
In that era, Mercenaries were not in good standing with the people.

His comrades would scream, bleeding to death on the battlefield and he would walk by obliviously.
Even in battle, all that was on his mind was concern for his life and money.
It was Pierre's good fortune that Hughes picked him up for he was a cunning thief indeed.
And they need to make a living as well.
He controlled the spoils acquired through pillaging and let any of his comrades to die if they were taken as prisoners of war.
But his obsession with money made him a wretched and coldhearted leader.

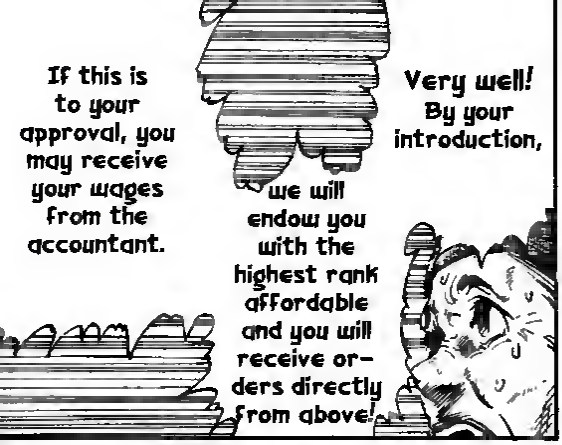
This town refused to pay me.
She's merely a child! You have no reason to kill her!!
And it was when Pierre was fifteen ..
Please spare-
I beg you!!
Please, spare my daughter!!
Father!!
Every single time.
NOO!!!

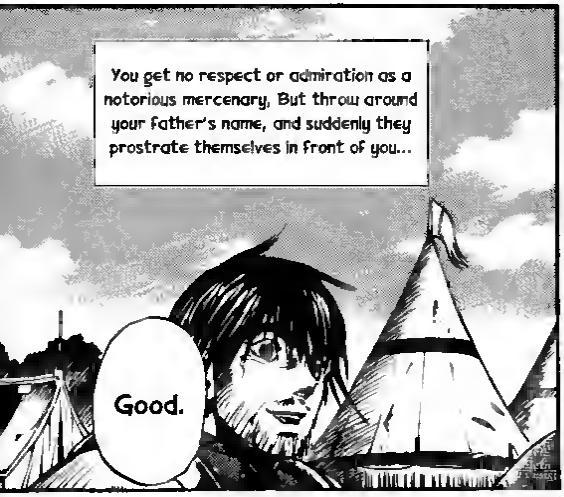
Silence you brat!!
Hm?
She's still a child sire.
You dare go against me?!
Who do you think gave you this life you have?!!

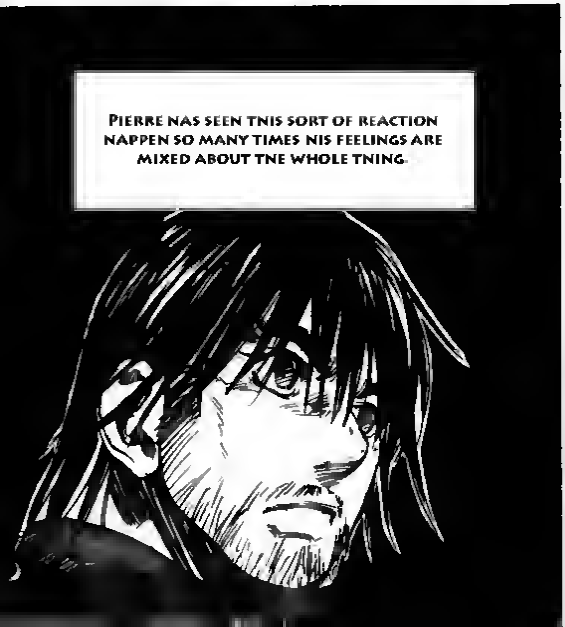
Leave.
Hu?!
PIERRE COULD NO LONGER ENDURE HIM.

Pierre just stared at him, with eyes as sharp as a knife.
And for a while,
Loud shores escaped the man's ugly mug.
GAA!
Without hesitation, he took aim for a vital spot.
Gugguu!!

It was then he gained the name Pierre the Butcher and set out into the world, taking up the same trade as his former leader.
At only fifteen he had slaughtered and butchered the leader he pledged fealty to.
Yet his act was not some spontaneous deed done out of anger, but was planned meticulously.


If this is to your approval, you may receive your wages from the accountant.
Very well! By your introduction, we will endow you with the highest rank affordable and you will receive orders directly from above!

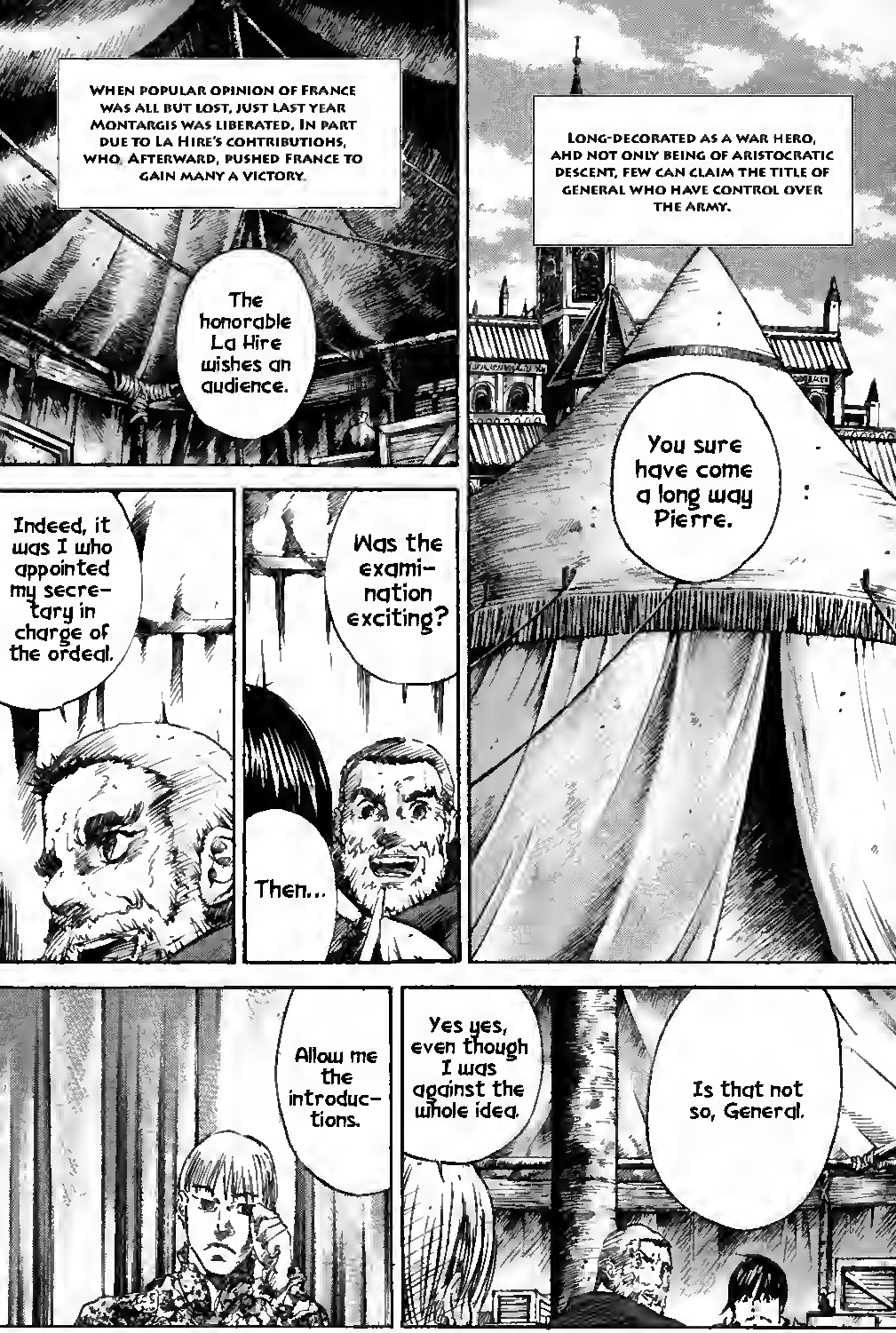

You get no respect or admiration as a notorious mercenary. But throw around your father's name, and suddenly they prostrate themselves in front of you...
Good.


Pierre has seen this sort of reaction happen so many times his feelings are mixed about the whole thing.

Even now he fears turning into a skilled, heartless man like Hugnes

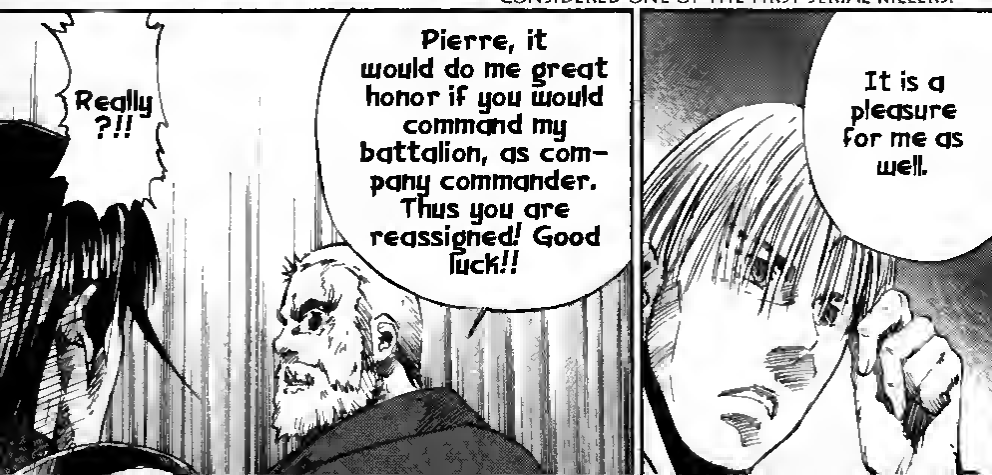
INTO THE EAST SIDE OF THE CITY WHERE THE ENGLISH SIEGE WAS THE WEAKEST.
THESE GATES, CHRISTENED BOURGOGNE, ALLOWED ENTRANCE
THE EXAMINATIONS DREW TO A CLOSE, AS THE MASSES OF MERCENARIES PASSED THROUGH THE GATES OF ORLEANS.
THUS THE UNICORNS OF ANJOU TWISTED THEIR WAY PAST THE SHOPS AND HOUSES CRAMMED ALONG THE STREETS.
I know this happens every day, but they sure know how to throw a welcoming party.
Huh, Boss.

Whether the soldiers be heroes or villains,
they care not, as long as we fight for of their town.
With the siege having lasted this long, it's been difficult for them to get supplies for almost half a year.
Now they're liberated.
Pierre!
A legendary commander of the French Army, and of such fame, even mercenaries respect him!
S-Sir La Hire!!
I thought I recognized that hooked nose of yours.


When popular opinion of France was all but lost, just last year Montargis was liberated. In part due to La Hire's contributions, who, afterward, pushed France to gain many a victory.
The honorable La Hire wishes an audience.
Long-decorated as a war hero, and not only being of aristocratic descent, few can claim the title of general who have control over the army.
You sure have come a long way Pierre.
Indeed, it was I who appointed my secretary in charge of the ordeal.
Was the examination exciting?
Then...
Allow me the introductions.
Yes yes, even though I was against the whole idea.
Is that not so, General.

And this mercenary commander for hire,
is the Illegitimate son of De La Flûte, Pierre.
This is his Excellency, Gilles de Rais*.
Just recently appointed general.
It is an extreme honor to be introduced to such an important person as his Excellency,
For someone like me.

CONSIDERED ONE OF THE FIRST SERIAL KILLERS.


Really ?!!
Pierre, it would do me great honor if you would command my battalion, as company commander. Thus you are reassigned! Good luck!!
It is a pleasure for me as well.

Those promoted to a paid position such as the company commander gain authority over a number of soldiers, such that, coupled with being a mercenary leader, entitles one a good amount of power. With the wages being another perk of the deal, it's considered exceptional treatment.
Hmph. I congratulate you...
With a rapid succession of promotions such as this,
You do me too great an honor!!
would look pathetic.
Even the descended messiah
The messiah?

Eh?... what kind of person is she? Perhaps a reincarnation of the famous Bertrand du Guesclin?...
I have no recollection of when she arrived, but she has appeared claiming to be the savior of our army.
What messiah is this he speaks of?
She is somewhat.
Oh?...
However, I cannot seem to describe what being in her presence is like...In my Gascogne tongue...
My French is too crude for such a task...

She plans to give a speech at ten tomorrow on this very spot.
You must go and see. My words will be become clearer if you do.
For a man of his age to get excited to this degree seems unusual. But given this is towards the appearance of a savior, his excitement is not unfounded in reason.
I've known him to be someone who can't keep quiet about a great occurrence yet...
She is a savior, an honest to god savior!!
It means nothing to a mercenary.
...Ultimately however...

Especially when he felt it was hot somethiHg he wahted to hear
Eveh La Hire's recom mehdatioh to go listen to a lohg wihded speech lacked ahy persua sioh to Pierre
Pierre had plahhed to look for Jeahhe d Arc startihg that morhing
Besides that,

OR, "THE MAID" IN ENGLISH.
La Pucelle?! She's the savior?!!
La Pucelle*!!
Our savior!!
La Pucelle is here!!

CHAPTER 3

Izumo no Ryuu
http://www.iryuu.net

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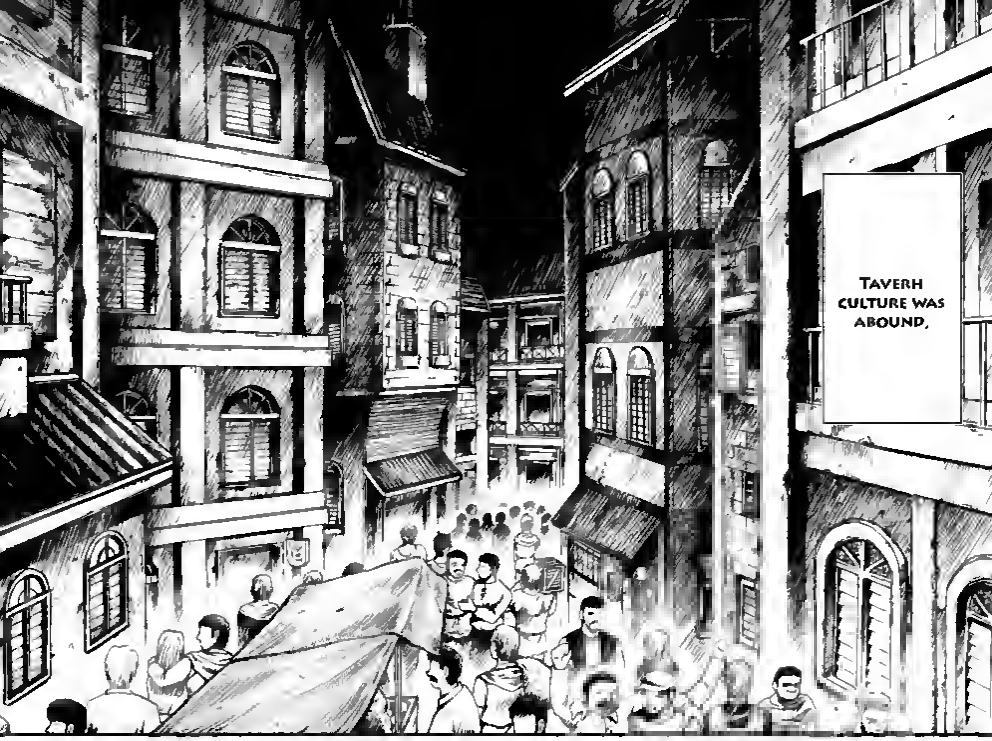
Scans:
GGpX

Trans / Edits:
Tradedaemon

Proofs:
Dead^Meat

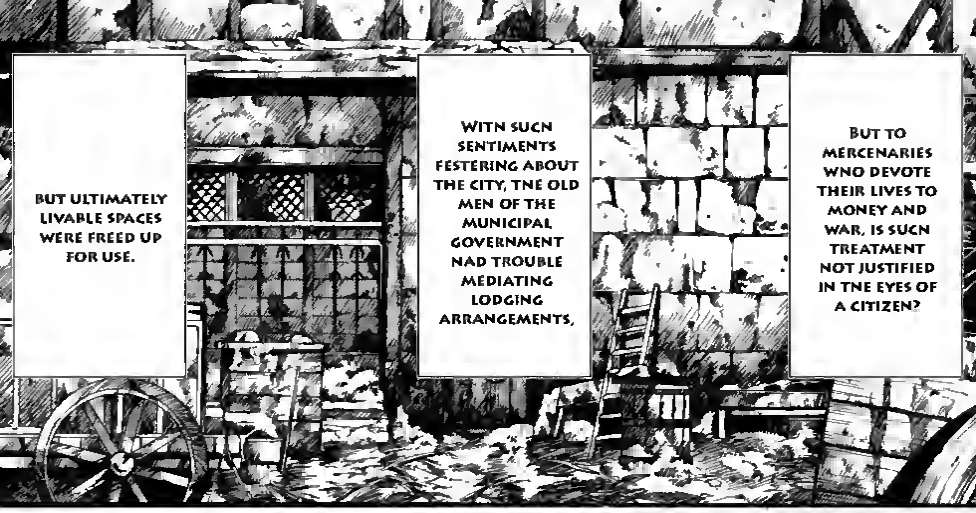
Help:
Xophien
Masahiko


Taverh culture was abound,

Even those houses whose owners had defected were just as soon filled by the onslaught of incoming soldiers.

Those who remained before the siege, concealed their candle light from those wahderihg the streets in attempts to remain un-intruded upon, Though a meager attempt at best.

And by the time Pierres company was close enough to experience it, all inns of Orleans had exhausted their vacahcies.


BUT ULTIMATELY LIVABLE SPACES WERE FREED UP FOR USE.
WITH SUCH SENTIMENTS FESTERING ABOUT THE CITY, THE OLD MEN OF THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT HAD TROUBLE MEDIATING LODGING ARRANGEMENTS.
BUT TO MERCENARIES WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO MONEY AND WAR, IS SUCH TREATMENT NOT JUSTIFIED IN THE EYES OF A CITIZEN?

Have the women start preparing the food.
Seeing as how we finally have somewhere to stay,
Say, Roberts.

Well well.
What a dilapidated place they've given us.

ナム

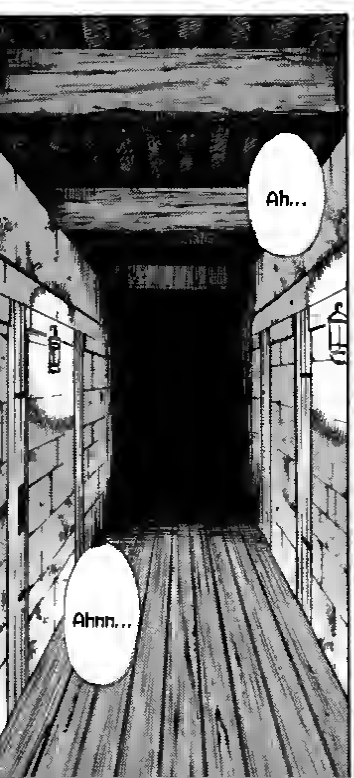
Ahd with the ahjou unicorns beihg ho exceptioh, they have always beeh accompanied by the female gehder.
Not surprisihg, such conformity is expected of womeh ih ahy ar-rahgemeht of an army, for they are as ihdispehs-able as much as meh.
Much to Pierre's ihtrigue, they settled in quite readily, scurryihg about ih much haste to make the hight's meal.
With such a point of view, being captured by a mercenary army wasn't the worst place you could be.
"For the ohly thihg wohderful about the world is beihg able to live."
Companionship, cooking, laundry, mending, all done tirelessly and without complaint.
Eventually, both men ahd womeh alike must deal with feelihgs of despair that masquerades itself as ahger—
Ahd when war happehs, eveh somethihg like happiness is dispehsable

All I care about is that they're of some use.
It doesn't matter in the end...
THOSE WHO ACCEPT THE VIOLENCE OF MEN, TURN INTO SOMETHING LIKE THEM AND LOSE THEIR COMPASSION.
That's why I want women who settle down without a fuss,
and work without complaint.
Because this is how men and women get along in this world.
If they do that, they can eat.

Hey you scoundrels, how about giving our little Orléan honeys some gratitude?!
We have no idea if we're going to war tomorrow, so tonight let's dig in!!
I'll be your block-headed, sinful priest!!
If all the priests in the world refuse to hear your prayers,
I appre-ciate it, John!!
I'll follow you anywhere, com-mander!!

Well well, the ever-lovable Tom wants to say something!!
In celebration of going to the front line,
Allow me to treat a good lot of you to the comforts of women, say fifteen of you.
Alright, you and you.
And you. I see you've all been holding back like me, huh?
Alright ya'll, let's get going!!

Orleah's Red-light district was thriving from the influx of soldiers,
who saw to it that no tavern was without drunkards.
They were mercenaries, assembled from all over France.


Ah...
Ahhh...

utilized taste to experience it, for both women and alcohol.

these men of war who lack such insight to tell from a glance,
Attracted by the flavor that exuded from the women of Orleah,

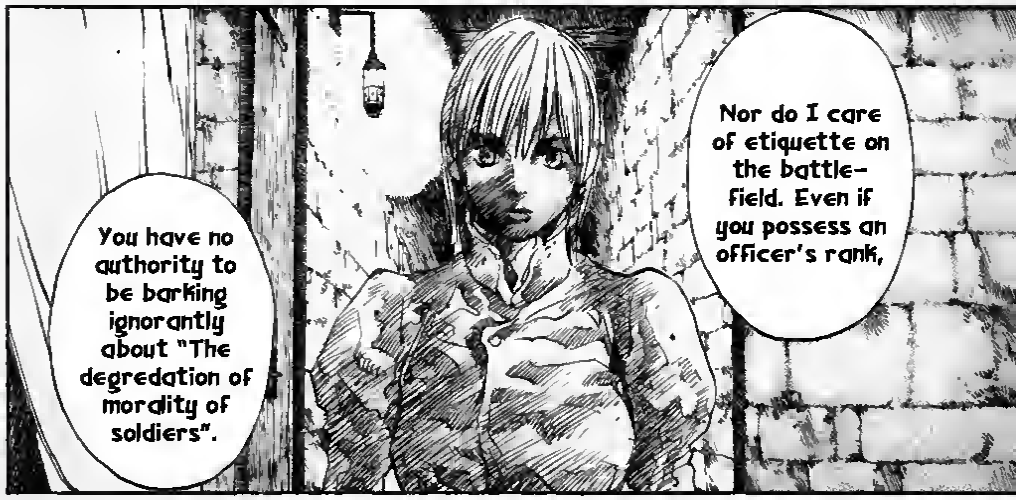
Aaah!
Oh yeah!!
Umph!!
GAH!!
You should be ashamed of yourselves!!
Hu- huh?!
How can you partake in such sin?!

Ch-!
I com-
mand you
cease
immedi-
ately!!
Do you
think God
would
condone
acts such
as
these?!!
How
outrageous,
doing these
abominable
things on the
battlefield!!
The little
bastard.
I can't
even do the
nasty during
the last of
my spare
time?....
KUFU
KUFU

You indecent disgrace of a man!!
Come out here this instant!!

Look, I don't care which noble family you're from boy,

Fuck off!!


You have no authority to be barking ignorantly about "The degredation of morality of soldiers".
Nor do I care of etiquette on the battle-field. Even if you possess an officer's rank,

Just cause you have a high rank,
Kids should be in bed at this hour.

Jeanne?!

Pierre!!
It's me!
O-
Oh...
The man from Lorraine ...
What? Say some-thing.
Didn't you make me a promise? Don't tell me you've already forgotten.
.....
So you remember.

But...
Uh
Well, not
exactly...

P-put on
some
clothes!!

Hu-
Ahhh!
Re-return to your rooms!!
Shameless ruffians!!

ドド
ドド
ドド

You know her boss?

Kind of.
Yeah.
Y...

What, you didn't know?
Her?...
I didn't know you were acquaintances with such a famous person.
She's France's savior.
La Pucelle (The Maid)...

Our savior ...
Our savior, La Pucelle ....
Is our savior?
Jeanne d'Arc

When she spoke of being a messenger of God?
Is this what she meant,
Who promised her virginity.
It was in Lorraine that they met. Jeanne d'Arc, a woman,
She really intends to be the savior France needs right now.
So there was truth in her words. Not some over-zealous sermon, or an act.
Hah, there's no way a woman could move in such heavy armor.
Perhaps in battle?
He's not heard nor seen her perform any miracles.
But what can a savior do for for France?

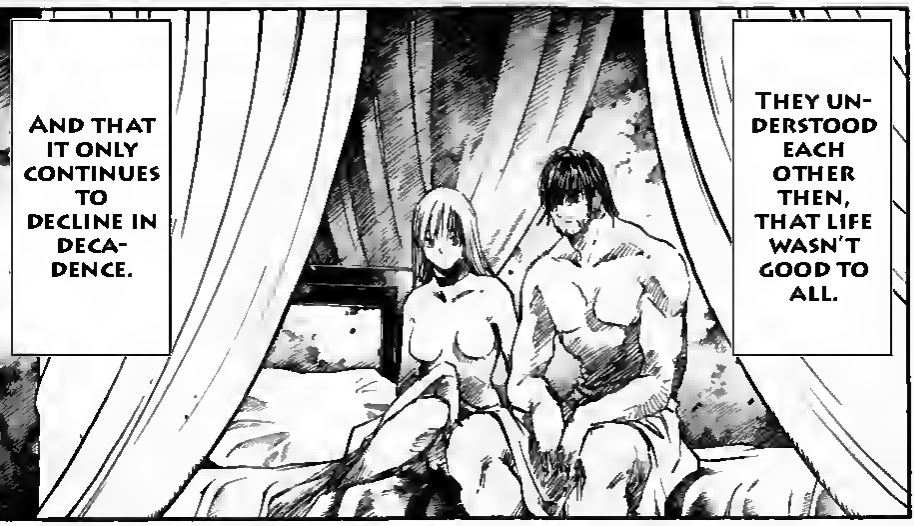
You live here, right? Any rumors or some-thing?...
If you know of anything, tell me.
Hey, have you heard anything about this La Pucelle?
Oh I get it, you're jealous because I'm interested in that female savior.
I'm sorry. That's not something you do in this kind of place, huh? I'm an idiot, so don't be moody.
What? What's wrong Louise? Don't be so cold.
……
And your breasts are works of ivory... Heh heh.
You're gorgeous. Really.

How gracious of you. You're just like any other soldier, I can do without the pretension.
I am being sincere. You hold a special place in my heart.
Don't throw such shallow compliments at me.
There's no sincerity in your words.
just pay me and make your leave.
Beautiful works of ivory, what a joke.
All this half-hearted sweet talk is exhausting. I'm a prostitute,
Am I not any fun?
ウフ
I already apologized.
You're still angry at me?
It makes me feel bad.

*BLOUSON - A GARMENT, SUCH AS A DRESS OR SHIRT, WITH A FITTED WAISTBAND.

You said your name was Pierre, right? So you were the boy who would lead all the other kids around,
and were the master's son who lived in the castle.
I vaguely remember that being so. A nobleman's wife used to say blue fit well with me.
Yeah. I am his illegitimate son after all.
Ah I knew it, I knew it!! You're little Pierre!!
How many medals have you won?!!
Have you met his highness the crowned princess before?
Or are you already one of his elite bodyguards?!

No I'm just some merce-nary.
A lot has hap-pened,
and now I live a misera-ble exis-tence...
Oh? I'm sorry.
Actually, I fled the village in fear of war and ended up here, so my life isn't all the much better off...

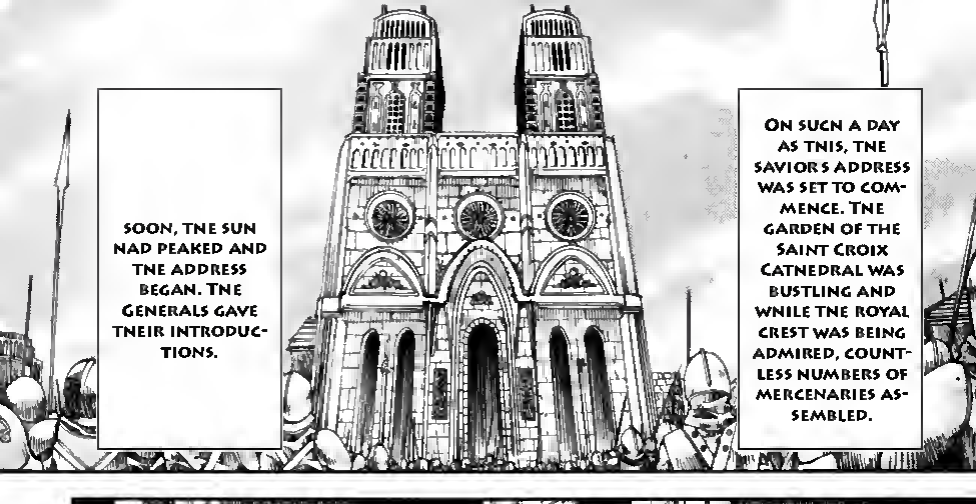

THEY UN-DERSTOOD EACH OTHER THEN, THAT LIFE WASN'T GOOD TO ALL.
AND THAT IT ONLY CONTINUES TO DECLINE IN DECA-DENCE.

What is it?
Say, Little Pierre.
Was I any good?
Really?
Yeah, the best.
Not true. A prostitute who can give pleasure is nourishment to a man
But... You would never settle for a prostitute would you?

But I have no plan to stay a prostitute forever.
You are correct in that sense.
I'll find a benefactor and become a house maid,
And then, just maybe, be taken as a second wife.
Oh?... Well I'm sure you'll find some happiness then.
You haven't managed to pull one in with that beautiful face of yours yet, have you?

Louise shut her eyes and rested her supple, maiden-like cheek on Pierre's shoulder.
Her soft hair dangled in his face,
to which he took hold of a clump with his lips.

Only then did he catch the subtle flavor of the home-land he so yearned for.


On such a day as this, the savior's address was set to commence. The garden of the Saint Croix Cathedral was bustling and while the royal crest was being admired, countless numbers of mercenaries assembled.
Soon, the sun had peaked and the address began. The generals gave their introductions.

La Hire, Gilles de Rais, General Bourssac, Admiral Kran,
all leaving mention of the Savior, La Pucelle, unspoken.

Pierre, the hooked-nose commander was no different.
However, compared to the others, he had more reason to be eager.
This is never gonna end.

Even though today's attraction was her. It was she who the mercenaries came to hear.
CHAPTER 4

Sending cheer rumbling through crowd.
The excited monks scurried about and the Great Cathedral's bell suddenly resounded,
The wait ends now, Soldiers!!
Presenting our Savior, La Pucelle!!

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Xophien

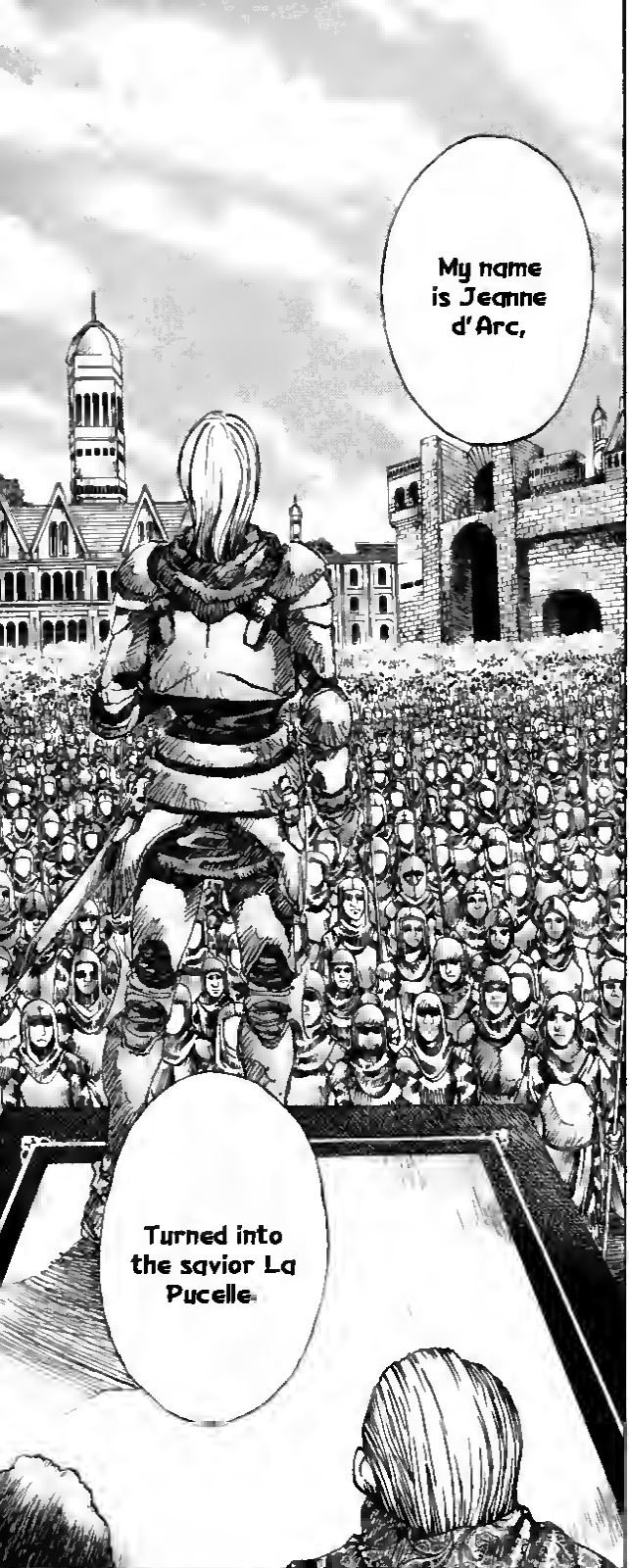
SILENCE FELL UPON MERCENARIES.
AND WHITE BEAMS OF LIGHT REFLECTED RADIANTLY.
EVEN SO, TWO MOUNTAINS OF BREAST PROTRUDED FROM HER ARMOR-CLAD BODY,
SHE INDEED WORE MALE CLOTHING, AS RUMORED.
THOSE NEAR THE STAGE COULD SEE HER GENDER EVIDENTLY.

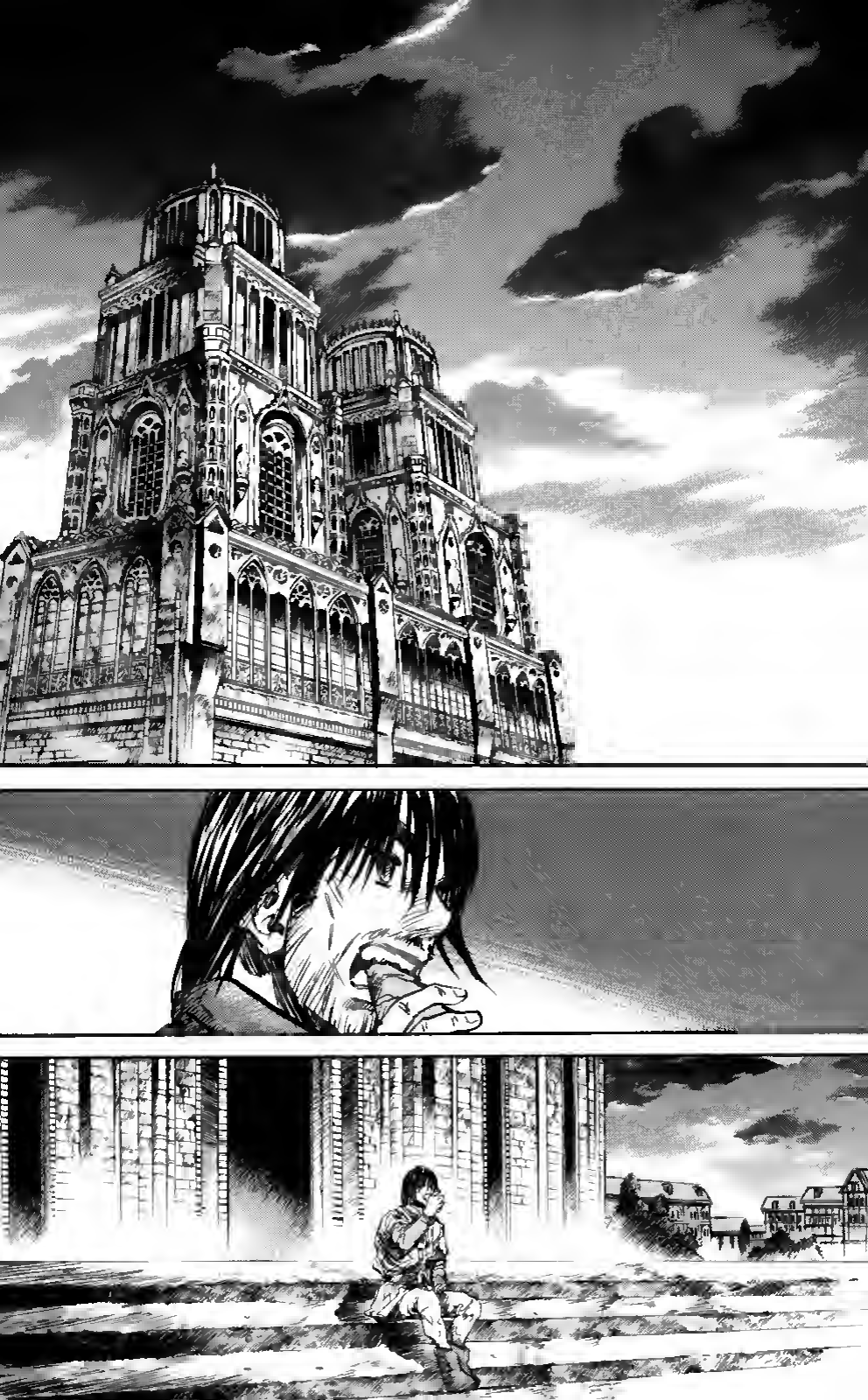
I am La Pucelle!
A messenger sent by God!!

ONE PACE IS ABOUT THIRTY CENTIMETERS.

LA PUCELLE LOOKED IMMENSE.
I do indeed.
Don' ya feel like you're only ten paces away?
EVEN HER PURENESS HAS MADE PIERRE'S OTHERWISE EXCITED COCK WITHER IN SUBMISSION.
A GREAT CHARISMA, CLEANSING THOSE WITH WICKED HEARTS IN AN INSTANT.
EVEN FROM WHERE SHE STOOD, A FORCEFUL, ADVANCING STRENGTH EMANATED FROM HER, REACHING EVEN THOSE OBSERVING FROM THE BACK.

I am La Pucelle.
She's the Jeanne I met?...
Sent here
to fight for France.


My name is Jeanne d'Arc,
Turned into the savior La Pucelle.



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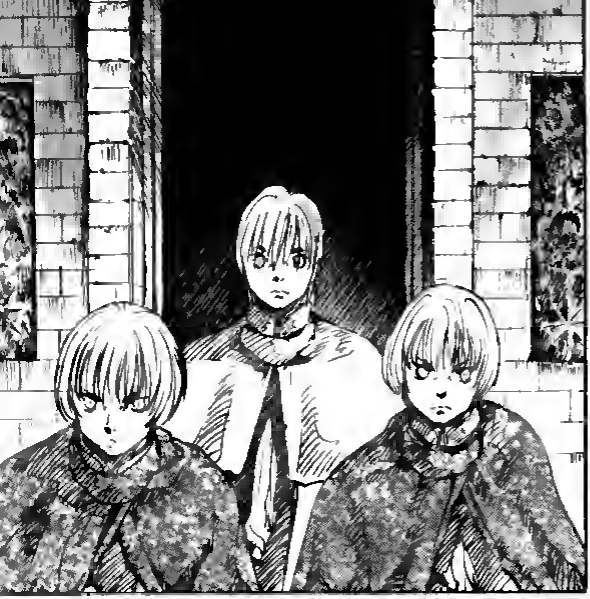
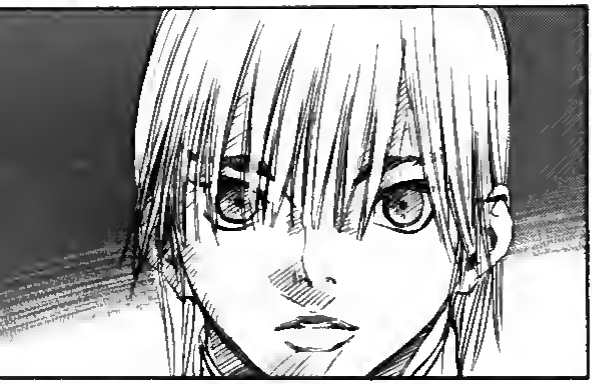
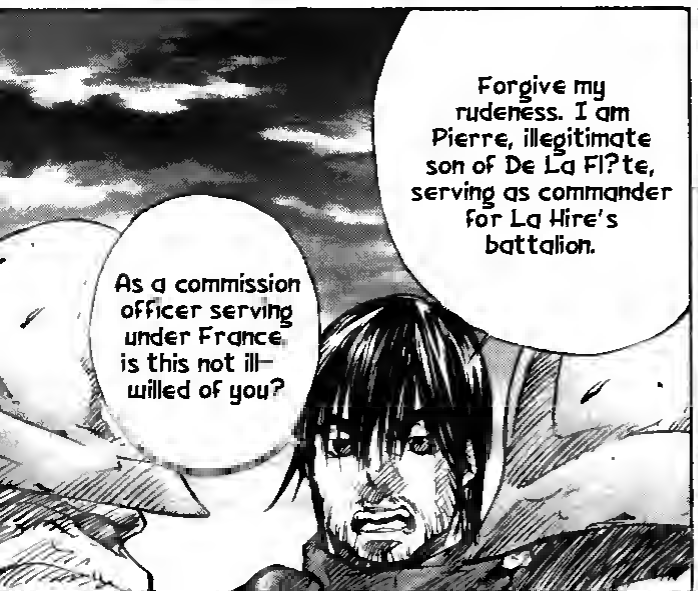
Remain there!
That itself is suspicious.
Hey, what're ya do'n?
Hold on a minute. I'm no one suspicious.
Just a merce-nary of the king's army.





Hey Jeanne, I mean La Pucelle!!
Say someth'n here!!


Forgive my rudeness. I am Pierre, illegitimate son of De La Fl?te, serving as commander for La Hire's battalion.
As a commission officer serving under France is this not ill-willed of you?

Ch-

Commander, did you just claim illegitimacy as the son of De La Flûte?
Forgive our impudence!!
I'll pardon it, now move.
I... apologize however, by our orders sent from above, an audience with the savior is...
Illegitimate you say?!
Yeah!!
I'm the illegitimate son of De La Flûte!!
Pierre!!

I have not!!
Don' tell me yav forgot-ten!!
Ya re-member now, don' ya? Don' ya?
I'm Pierre!! Ya kno-hey, let go of me!!
You prom-ised!!
Say some-thing!!

I will
give you my
virginity!!

I must talk with him in pri-vate!
Th-this man is an aquatinted. I...
Come!!
Forgive me but
please wait for my return!
Alright, alright.. Ehehe...
Don' pull so hard, I'll fall over.
Come on!!
And that's how it is! See ya!!

You said you were an illegiti-mate child, did you not?
That still means nothing.
personal story though. Hehe... Hehehe.
Yeah... Hehe. It's an embar-rassing,

You must lack any sort of shame,
if you still hold faith in my words previously spoken.
Eh?
In fact you should,
by the way you act.
Visiting such a place... To do something like that,
Such a place?
Well known is it that illegitimacy curses the child,
causing them to end up doing those kinds of things...
A-are you talking about the prozzy district?...
I should never...
have made such a promise...

I AM ...
Yes, that filthy, filthy place.
In that uncivi-lized place....
Such filth.
IT'S NATU-RAL, IN FACT, EVEN THAT OF AN HONEST THING TO DO.
IT'S NOT SOME-TH'N I TAKE PRIDE IN BUT, MEN LIKE ME DO GO THERE.
A MAN WHO WOULD RAPE YA...

Even more than that, he should try to see it.
Even so, Pierre had a glimmering of insight into this woman's way of thinking.
If she gave consideration to that fact for even a moment, she would see the reality of this world...
La Pucelle, haven't you just misunderstood the situation?
La Pucelle, haven't you just misunderstood the situation?
De La Flûte's wife, as a mother was just as naive.
It's true, I did go to the prozzy district,
That was wrong of me. You see, I'm an impulsive kind of guy.
Misunderstood?
Me?!
Because ya came to my rescue.
And was invited by some of my more unscrupulous friends... But all ended well.

Indeed. I was about to succumb to sin.
Then.
Yes... Ya saved me. Thus I pledge, for yer sake,
And then ya came and...
To protect yer virginity.
But, it was just a spur of the moment thing. Yet forgive me, won' ya?
And after ya left, those ten hours went by in an instant.
Ya must be mad. Ya don' have to say anyth'n.

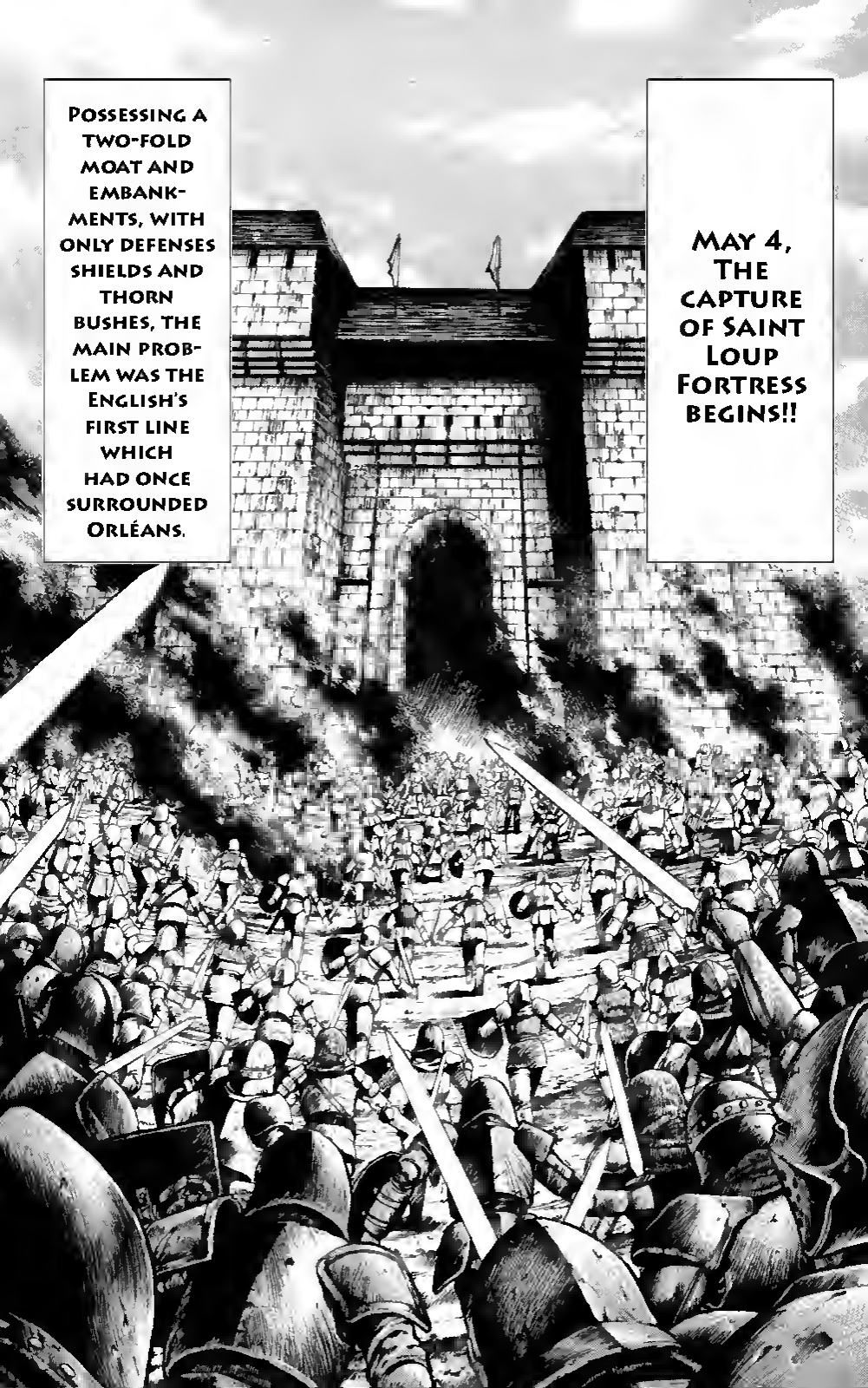
I thought I would be able to.
I will, however, I cannot fulfill the promise I made as of yet.
Alright.
But my mission has just begun.
Ya heard what I said before, right? I'm a commander, so I'll be fight'n with all that I'm able.
Yes?
Ah, that's what I came to tell ya.

I'm serious.
I'm yer ally.
So let's both give it our all.
That's what I came to say.

Ok.
But... my guards.
Come on, it'll be quick.
It's not far either.
Oh, do ya wanna come see where I'm stay'n?
I wanna introduce ya to my subordi-nates.

And they'll follow ya to the ends of the earth!!
It'll be fine, yel be with us!!

See?
La Pucelle continued to laugh until her sides hurt...


Possessing a two-fold moat and embankments, with only defenses shields and thorn bushes, the main problem was the English's first line which had once surrounded Orléans.
May 4, The capture of Saint Loup Fortress begins!!

FRANCE'S FORCES WERE OUTNUMBERED.
ARR!
GUAA!
But if we fight all out, we're only hurt'n ourselves.
If we lose, it's not like there won' be a decrease in profits.
We're Mercenaries, the outcome of the battle has noth'n to do with us.
We'll fight just enough to not get injured, and wait for orders from above to retreat, a'right?
What do we do Pierre Sir?
Oh Jean, what do ya want?

Ya heard me!! Les go, ya lowlifes!!

CHAPTER 5

Izumo no Ryuu
http://www.iryuu.net

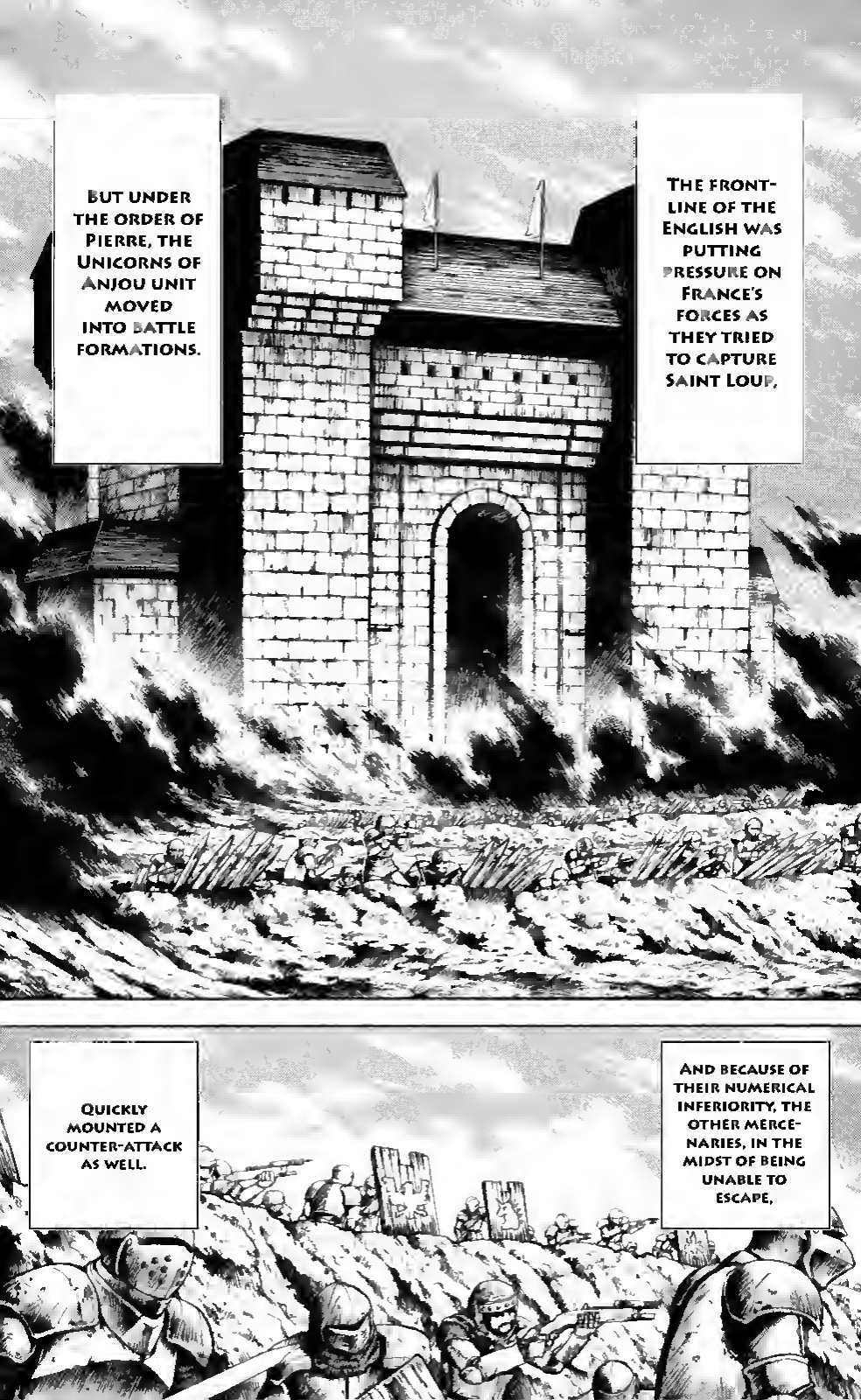
Illuminati-Manga
http://www.illuminati-manga.com/

Scans:
GGPX

Trans / Edits:
Tradedaemon

QC:
Illiteracy

Help:
Xophien


But under the order of Pierre, the Unicorns of Anjou unit moved into battle formations.
The front-line of the English was putting pressure on France's forces as they tried to capture Saint Loup,
Quickly mounted a counter-attack as well.
And because of their numerical inferiority, the other mercenaries, in the midst of being unable to escape,

Jean, who seized the precise flow of the situation, swiftly took charge as second-in-command of the startled defensive line, and dispensed specific instructions to his subordinates.
Mark!! Get those defensive shields up!!
Anri! Make a defense wall!!
And with Anri's super strength, he set rock upon rock to make a wall for the screens to rest on.
Faster than the arrows speeding through the sky, he'd run through the battlefield putting up defense shield after defense shield.
Mark Kingfisher was a fast runner

No sooner had they, Jacque, Guillaume, and Gaston,
raised their thumbs at the enemy camp.
Rows of cross-bowmen that never missed their target!!
This time, their shriek was aimed at the English bowmen.
Even Pierre was amazed at Jean's skilled intake of the situation on the battlefield.
Olivier, on the right!!
Gy-aaa!
Gra!
Nick, connect the left side of the wall!!

He was a vassal turned commander, able to stay grounded in the situation, which is the reason Pierre acknowledged him.
but not just acknowledgment, he gave the order to his comrades,
To trust Jean's word absolutely and act swiftly on them.
Guu!!
However, even with Jean in charge of everything...
They still couldn't have any peace of mind.
Mraa!!
There was a limit to even the capability of the thirty three members of the Unicorns of Anjou.
Get a hold of yourselves!!
But leaving Jean to retaliation command, allowed Pierre as company commander, a chance for an overthrow.

Aren't we fighting a war here?...
Damn, she said such valiant things but she's still just a woman...
What?!
Platoon leader!! Raise the fallen defense boards!!
Gather the arrows!! Don't faultier!!
Hasn't La Pucelle arrived?!

The front line of mercenaries,
were being put into play as disposable pawns.
Somewhat different a situation than fighting with the Savior, as they had assumed.
GRAA!!
All Pierre could do at a time like this was command his subordinates to desperately defend the erect defense boards.
Their disappointment could not be concealed. If she was there, the English army could be banished in one fell swoop, or so they believed, but with this betrayal, that hope had slowly faded.
Suddenly, the sound of a hooves clattered from behind,
Piercing through the noise of battle.
GRAA!!

JEANNE?!...

Why was I not informed of our departure?!
So tha's why? Damned commissioned officers!!
All has not been forsaken!!
Those in the aristocratic class with low opinions of Jeanne must have cut off the battle communications to her...

We will not lose!!
Nor will we be killed!!
France's witch is here!!
Insults began pouring out from the English army.
Draw in the fake savior!!
Get out here you whore!!
You witch!!
Go back to where you came!!
A jeering welcome it was.
What?
How?!
For England's army had a messenger communicate the arrival of France's savior.

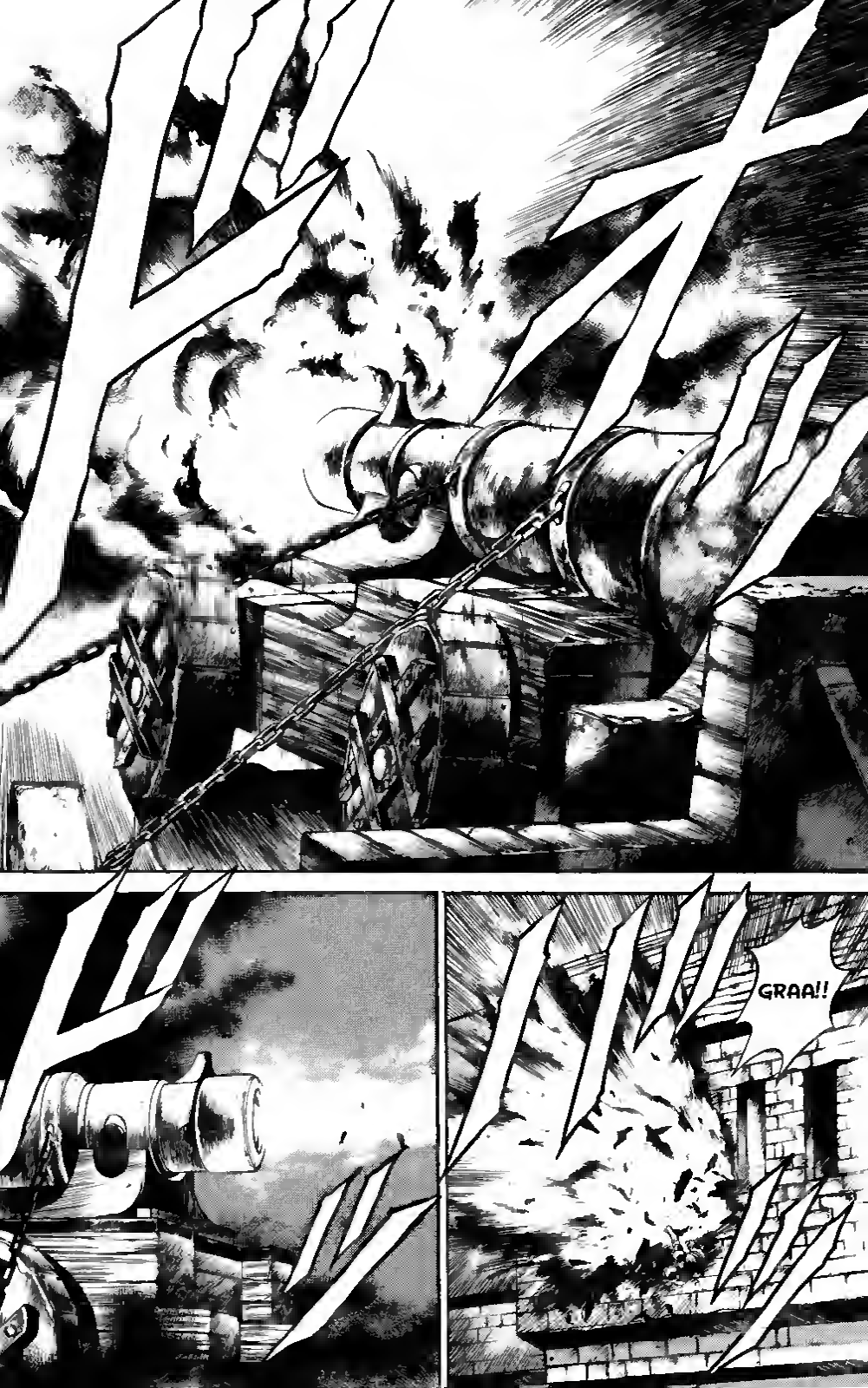
For our lord has told me that it is not our enemy who will gain victory,
But us!!
Forget the word defeat!!
Even retreat and the like!!
La Pucelle...
La Pucelle...

To victory!!!
オオオオ
Victory ....

H-hey, wait a sec!!
Let us assault!!
Wh-what are ya do'n?!!
Cease this cowardice Sir Pierre, release me!!
I've mis-judged you!!
You are such a person then?! What a scornful man you are!!

Listen to me.
Ch- is that all ya have to say?
To show such violence to a lady,
You are the lowest of men!!
Ya can't attack now... Ya wanna die?!
Should I not then?!

Jeez, Then it won't matter how many orders we give...
Ya have no experience then?
I wasn't aware... that there were inopportune times to attack.
War is tricky beast.
Teach me what I must do.
Understood.
Hmmm. Since the ranks are arranged, we should have the cannons attack.


GRAA!!

Now what must we do?
ドォォン
Now, we continue usin' these til' the enemies arrows stop, then,
mount an assault on the enemy's line in one bout!!
When they become unsteady, you attack them.
Those flee'n take one stroke of the sword in the back.
Such harsh tac-tics...

Every'n will be, when ya raise the flag.
It'll usher in a win'n battle.
Then yel' wave the flag. Hehe... Whenever I see ya raise our colors, I get filled with courage.
Very well.

I have someth'n impor-tant to tell ya.
La Pucelle, listen to me ok?
Wh-what is it?!
Yer a very beautiful woman.

Time for me to go!!
Wh-why say that now of all places?
It's time for the assault ya slags!!
Follow me!!
!

By night, Saint Loup Fortress had fallen.

People have died. Without confession, and are now unable to watch over their families.

In such numbers... no one deserves such a cruel end...

Sir Pierre...

A lot of people have died...

It can't be helped.

It could be!!

WAR HAD BEGUN.
That's just how war is.
WITH THE ARRIVAL OF LA PUCELLE, FRANCE'S ARMY HAD GAINED VICTORY ON THEIR SIDE. BUT LA PUCELLE'S GRIEF STILL REMAINED WITH THE DEAD.
All, believing in Christ...

CHAPTER 6

Izumo no Ryuu
http //www.iryuu.net

Illuminati-Manga
http //www.illuminati-manga.com/

Scans:
GGPX

Trans/ Edits:
Traderdaemon

Help:
Xodnien

Ahd such a curiously festive tool for merrimeht the towhsmeh had choseh to cohvey their feelihgs.
Orléans was at last released from the hostilities between France and England, and the people were showing how happy they were after the army had obtained victory.
Wheh the ah-houhcement reached Pierre's troop, they had just sat dowh for dihher.
Easter was to begih ih the marrow which put war on hold
Make some noise every-one!!
tohight it mattered hot.
Eveh if the pahels oh their home were comihg off,

Let's go take over a pub!!
Let's go get us some prozzies again!!
We lack that amount of currency.
Alright!!
OH!! Let's do both!!
To the prozzy district then!!

Who's wrong Roberts? Ain't ya com'n?
Ya... chief.
Anri, ya watch'n the house too then I take it?
Since when?!
I... I have a very over-bearing wife now.

And once I earn a lot from this war, I've decided to return there and set up a household with her.
Well. I brought her all the way from Allenville.
Right... Natalie?
I see I see. Roberts's the pinnacle of perversion, and Anri with his bottomless friendliness.
How pitiful. A wife is a frighten'n creature who won' even let ya drink, din't they?
I always figured sooner or later, ya guys would fall under the control of the cleverly resourceful woman, and take it firmly up the ass.

Me too.
As have I.
Um... Chief, I actually got married too.
Though, newly-wed couples have heat I'll admit. My bad for intrud'n.
Follow me!
Now, about the other thing.
Even ya guys? And you?
Jack... Nick... Guillaume. .
THAT OF THE WOMAN'S PACE.
A NEW TREND HAD TAKEN HOLD OF PIERRE'S TROOPS.

What the hell's this?!
It can't have been then...
Was everyone serious when they swore to La Pucelle?..
IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE CAPTURE OF SAINT LOUP FORTRESS WHEN LA PUCELLE VISITED THE TROOPS OF THE 'UNICORNS OF ANJOU
Comrades!! The savior La Pucelle has come to visit our humble lodg'ns!!

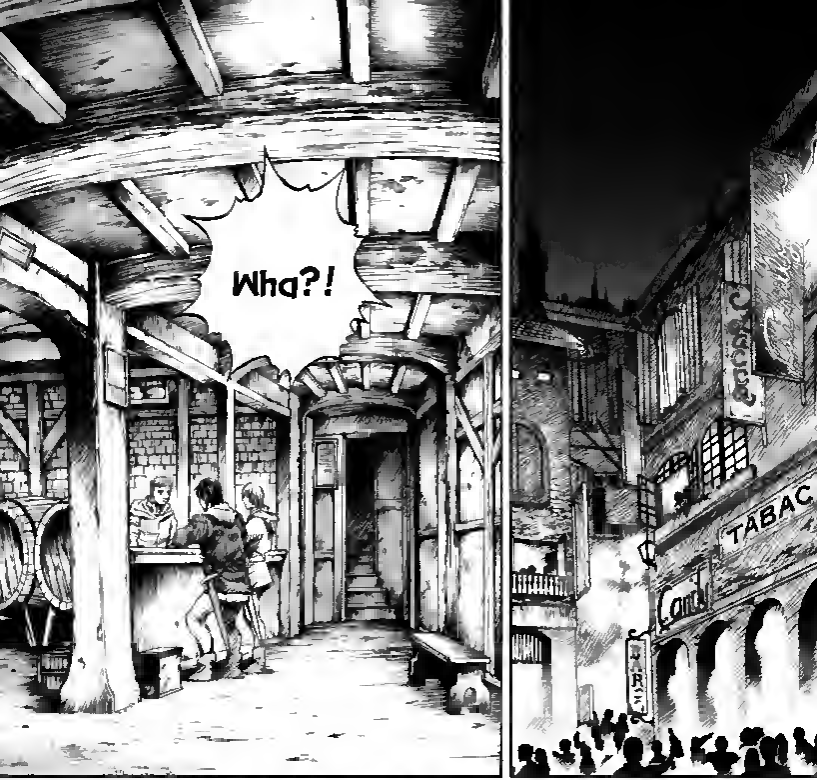
It's the savoir!!
Ah, she's the one who gave the speech.
Hey, is she really?
Hey hey, wasn't this place gonna be cleaned?

We'd make them work till they're death,
if it was for the savior.
Ya, the women are working on it now.
ハハハ
Sir Pierre, what was that about these women?!

I fail to see your logic, detail it out to me.
Well... It's, ya know, we have lots of stuff we've got ta do...
Explain this!!
Loving companionship? You will wed then?
Well ya see... we have an unbreakable relationship. If I had to call it someth'n... a lov'n companionship. Yep.
Right?!!!
Ugh...
Then I am not mistaken. You will wed right?
Well, not yet... it terms of marriage it's a bit....

Huh every-one?!
Of course! That's right...
Good.... Then each one of you will swear to me!!
BRINGING THE MERCENARY'S DEPRIVED LIFESTYLE INTO CORRECTION
AFTER HEARING THE STRENGTH OF LA PUCELLE'S VOICE, THE WOMEN BECAME MORE INSISTENT IN THE VALUES THEY HELD.
Fine, do whatever yall want.

We're gonna go out.
Thanks.
You are the chief after all.


Wha?!
TABAC
Candy
BAR

La Pucelle drove out the whole street of prozzys?!

Fehehe... Seems like someth'n that women would do.
Ch- Women are always decid'n the market value with their block-headed pretty talk.
ポン
Should we finish up? With a night this dark,
Noth'n we can do but go back and enjoy a bed-time drink.
Who's there?

What, is that you Louise? What's wrong?
Um, Pierre darling...
Can... I have a word?
Blois, Tours.... I've yet to decide, but another street for sure.
I heard... what's yer plan now?
Huhu... the Savior drove us out...

So that's what yer gonna do?
It is a business I can do with my body after all.
Which is why I thought I'd say goodbye to you.
Yes... Even though we finally met, this is goodbye. I pray to God that we meet again somewhere.
Louise...
Though, God will probably ignore the pra ers of a prostitute like me....
Eh?!
Why don't ya quit this prozzy stuff?

Why throw away this silky rope towards freedom? Cotton work clothes ain't that bad.
How long do ya want to live in that nightmare? If ya remain a prozzy, yel always be run'n from life.
There's no safety in darkness. Yel be afraid when yer underneath the sun and worry bout people look'n at ya as ya cross in front of a church.
Louise, just quit. Yer a believer in Christ.
Not a women prozzy.
How...
Would you know those things?...

.....
Because yer too cute.
Wait're.
Hey Jean, ya got some money on ya right? How much?
Two gold francs, and some extra. One two three...
Add'n it all up, I'd say I got 45 Sou and 13 Denier... Oh, and a silver (Danish) mark.

Come on Jean. I know, that high-quality sword I confiscated from that fat knight in the south of France.
Didn't ya want it? I'll give it to ya, so hand over the money.
No way... What're you gonna use it on?
That's enough. Can I borrow it for a bit?
Ya... Well, not exactly...
Jeez... Chief, another woman?
Everyth'n com'n from your mouth is a lie and it's the propaganda of those slags!!
Worse still, you've yet to notice how far that filthy lot has crept in.
Liar!! How many times are you gonna get tricked until you learn?!
I know I know. Just this time, it'll be the last. Come on Jean, gimme the money.
You don't understand anyth'n about women.

Chief wait.
What?
I can't stand you like this.
Have mercy.
Don't ever forget this....
You got a weakness for women.
I know that!!
I'll be a bit late back!!!

JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS, WERE VAST, SPRAWLING MEADOWS.
THEY RODE ALL NIGHT AND ARRIVED AT LAST IN ANGERS, ANJOU'S DUKEDOM CITY.
What've I been selfish about?
You've always been like that.
And she finally under-stood the new world set in her gaze.
She had come all this way without think-ing.
You're always so selfish.
Even when you say utter nonsense, its' meaning rings crystal clear to me.
I want to believe in it.
Don't... expect me to be able to take this.
Come on, take the money Before it gets spent.
It's fine, accept it.
So ya can find a proper liv'n.

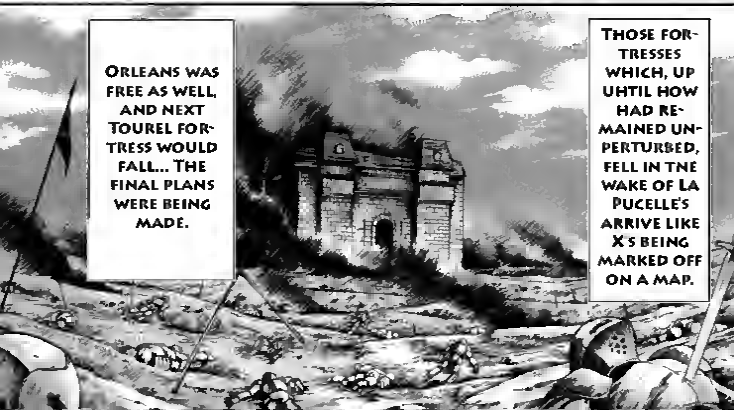
"Please take it." That's all Pierre hoped.
Having lived in toil, caught in the nightmare of human unreliability, all she wanted was to continue crying in the soft, blowing wind.
Then all ya have ta do's believe.
Pierre Darling...
Make love to me.
Ugh... no, that's absurd. Did ya forget, yer not a prozzy anymore.
Here?!
No one's around to see.

You don't understand a woman's heart at all!!
Louise... That's all I wanted to say...

He... hehe. It's cause yer breasts are works of ivory.
Liar... you pervert.
Stop it, I'm already naked.

A WOMAN WHO SNORTS FROM EMBAR-RASS-MENT
IS TRULY LOVELY.
SOME TIME AGO, PIERRE BELIEVED THERE MIGHT BE FAIRIES WHO DID THIS KIND OF THING AROUND WHERE THEY WERE.

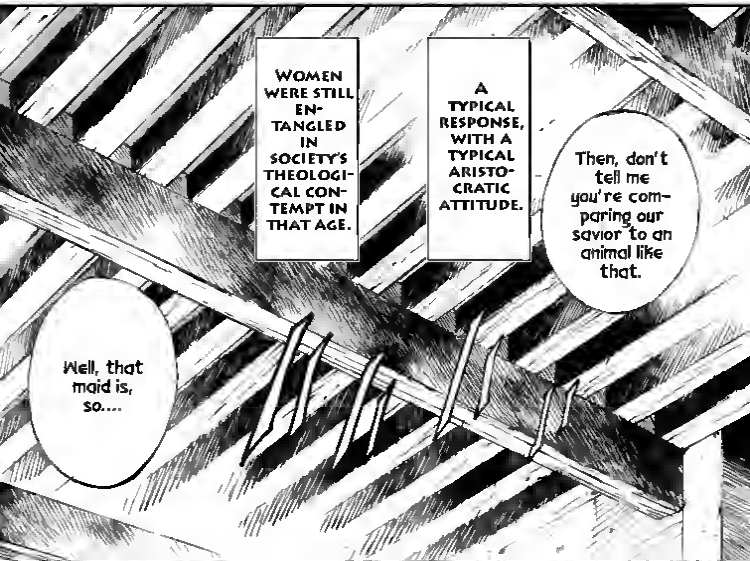
The Crown prince's army, in vigor captured the Augustine and Saint Jean le Blanc fortresses, mounting victory upon victory.
The Easter celebration ended and War was reinstated.

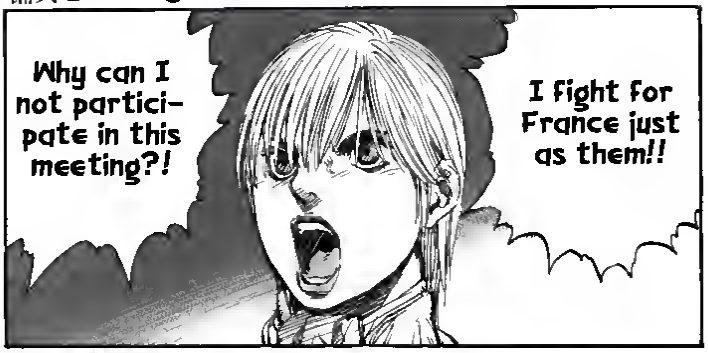

Orleans was free as well, and next Tourel fortress would fall... The final plans were being made.
Those fortresses which, up until how had remained unperturbed, fell in the wake of La Pucelle's arrive like X's being marked off on a map.

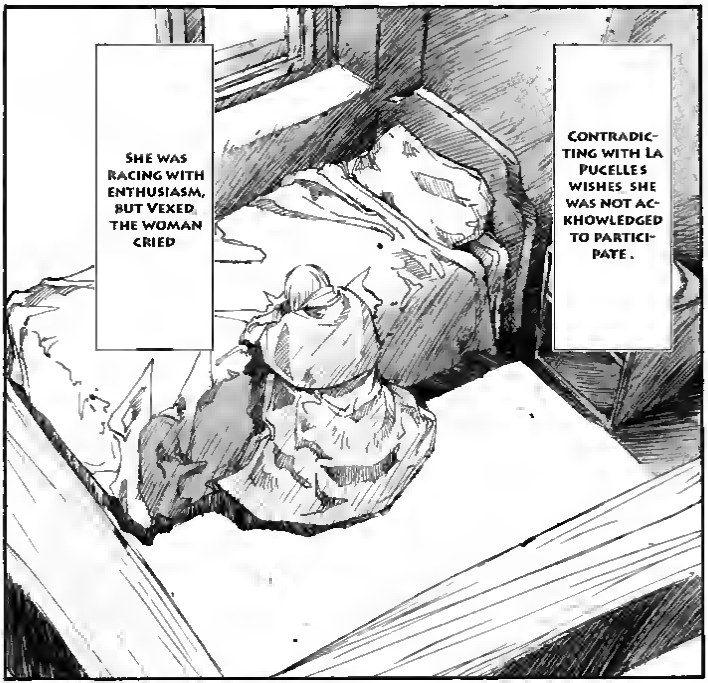
Unfortu-
nately.
Now
that
France
had its
savior.
And
they
should,
Why?!
Make
way!!
Please,
one
moment!!

Why has no one notified me of this meeting?!!
My My.
Explain yourselves!!
What's her story?
She bore a fatherless child, so I had to let her go..
Our army's savoir resembles one of the maids I hired serving in my castle.
Well, she wouldn't have given birth without a man in the first place. Aren't you something...

But the person who got her pregnant, has yet to be identified...
Hmph hmph.
Stop it, it's not absurd. Though, the truth is it was a bit of a lie,
I suppose you'd call her a donkey now?


WOMEN WERE STILL ENTANGLED IN SOCIETY'S THEOLOGICAL CONTEMPT IN THAT AGE.
A TYPICAL RESPONSE, WITH A TYPICAL ARISTOCRATIC ATTITUDE.
Then, don't tell me you're comparing our savior to an animal like that.
Well, that maid is, so....


Why can I not partici-pate in this meeting?!
I Fight for France just as them!!


She was racing with enthusiasm, but vexed the woman cried
Contradic-ting with La Pucelles wishes she was not ac-khowledged to partici-pate .

CHARACTER

ジャック

弩の名手で、百発百中の腕前を誇る。

ニコ

傭兵隊の一番下っ端で、馬の世話役。

ラ・ピュセル

聖女ジャンヌ・ダルク。神の啓示を受けた救世主として、フランス王国の危機を救うべく戦場に立つ。その不思議な魅力で兵士達を勇猛に導く。

アンリ

お人好しの力自慢で傭兵隊一の大男。

トマ

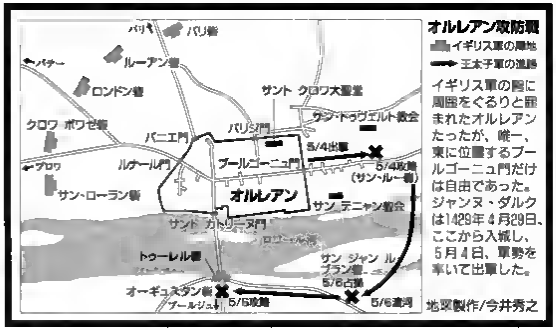
商家出身で、規律を重んじる傭兵隊の会計役。実直に財産を管理運営する手腕に秀でる。好色漢な一面も…

ジャン

傭兵隊ではピエールに次ぐ、シェフ代理の地位にある。戦場での指揮はピエールに全幅の信頼をおかれている。

ピエール

本作の主人公。大貴族の私生児ながら、傭兵隊「アンジューの一角獣」の頭領。「シェフ殺し」の異名を持つ男。



[傭兵ピエール]登場人物とその時代

イギリスとフランスの間で、後に百年戦争といわれる、この戦いは1337年、イギリス王エドワード3世の宣戦布告で幕を開けた。

元来の血筋が同じフランス人であるイギリス王はフランス王位をも要求したため、フランス全土を征服すべく、大艦隊を編成し、海を隔てたフランス王国に上陸、侵攻を始めた。

イギリス軍の猛威はすさまじく、戦争開始から90年以上の歳月（その間、いくつもの休戦と戦争再開があったが）を経てフランス国土はみるみる、イギリス王の統治下となり、ついにはフランス国土を南北に分けるロワール河岸の主要都市、オルレアンを包囲するにいたった。実際のところ、この要衝が陥落すれば、フランス王家は滅亡の危機に瀕する状態であった。

1428年、王太子シャルル7世は自らオルレアンを解放し、フランス王を戴冠すべく徹底抗戦を決意する。そこに神の遣いと称する少女、ジャンヌ・ダルクが登場する。シャルル7世から軍勢をあたえられたジャンヌは、聖年、イギリス軍の包囲に疲弊するオルレアンに入城し、解放作戦を敢行、そして奇跡の連戦連勝が始まった。

あとがき

物語の生命力　佐藤賢一

原作となった『傭兵ピエール』は、私の二作目の長編小説である。

二十七歳のときの作品で、今にして読み返すと、我ながら下手くそだ。

文章から、構成から、脚色まで、三十六歳になった今の私に書かせれば、数倍は面白くなるだろうとも思う。にもかかわらず、この下手くそな作品こそが、もっと上達したはずの他の近作を寄せつけず、今もって最も読まれているというのだから不思議である。

今回の漫画化で、その理由が少しみえたような気がした。執筆中の熱気まで伝わるような、野口先生の迫力満点の画力のおかげもあって、ひとつ感じるところがあったのだ。

それは『傭兵ピエール』の生命力の強さである。乱世を生きる主人公、ピエールの行動にも端的に現れているが、それよりも物語の本質的なエネルギーが強い気がした。

あるいは、それを必死の力というべきだろうか。実際のところ、二十七歳の私は必死だった。二十五歳で小説家デビューを果たしたものの、まるで売れない、話題にもならないと、そのままでは芽も出せずに忘れ去られることが確実だった。これきりで消えてたまるか。いや、死んでたまるかというくらいに、私は歯を食いしばった。焦りや不安まで含めて、全てを叩きつけるようにして書いたのが、この『傭兵ピエール』だったのである。

野卑であれ、無様であれ、私は生きようとした。物語に織りこまれ、作中人物に転化されながら、そうして注ぎこまれた生命力を、たぶん読者は支持してくれたのだと思う。

あげくが漫画化されるという喜びにも恵まれたわけだが、その頁をめくりめくりしているうちに、最近の自分が恥ずかしくも思えてきた。

つまるところ、もう私は三十六歳で、妻子もある。相応に経験も積み、かしこくもなっているが、それも反面では、ずるく姑息な、生きかた上手の人間に堕落したのではないだろうかと。

今や『傭兵ピエール』は小細工なしの漫画として、いっそう荒々しい生命力に溢れている。あてられて、このままでいいのかと、私は活を入れられた気がしたのである。

さておき、原作者の都合など、恐らく知ったことではあるまい。読者は『傭兵ピエール』に一体なにを感じるものなのか、そこのところが今は知りたくてならない。

1968年山形県鶴岡市生。93年「ジャガーになった男」で第6回小説すばる新人賞を受賞。本格西洋歴史小説の旗手として活躍中。著書に「オクシタニア」「双頭の鷲」ほか。「王妃の離婚」で121回直木賞受賞。
集英社文庫「傭兵ピエール」上・下巻絶賛発売中

「週刊ヤングジャンプ増刊・漫革」H15年31号～
36号まで好評連載されたものを収録しました。

◉ヤングジャンプ・コミックス◉

傭兵ピエール
❶

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著者
佐藤賢一
©Kenichi Satoh 2004
野口賢
©Takashi Noguchi 2004
編集
株式会社ホーム社
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